June, 1904

# THE BOOKMAN

## A Magazine of Literature and Life

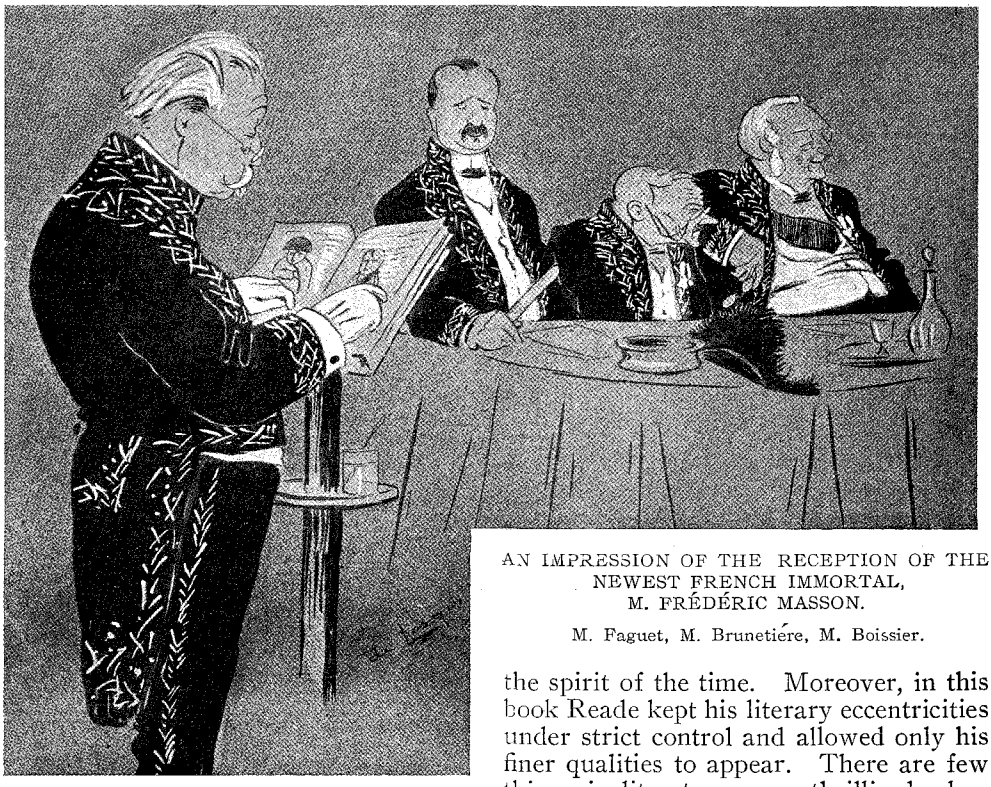
*Manuscripts submitted to* THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.*" Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

# CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

**The Charles Reade Revival.**

There are many signs that the revival of interest to Charles Reade, which we long ago predicted as certain to occur, is close at hand. In England a new and complete edition of his works is in preparation; the biography written by his nephew, Mr. Winwood Reade, will be reissued; and the reminiscences by Mr. John Coleman are having an increased sale. More significant still is the fact that the literary journals in both England and the United States are beginning to abound in anecdotes and estimates of this very vigourous and original writer. We have always wondered why the present generation should go on reading the pallid, ephemeral sort of romances that are written by the score each year, and should neglect the fine, full-blooded novels of Charles Reade. Reade had a very interesting personality. He was wrong-headed, hot-tempered, vain, and full of crotchets,—a thorough-paced Tory with a curious obliquity of literary conscience, which not infrequently laid him open to the well-grounded charge of plagiarism. But, on the other hand, he was one of the kindest and most generous of men; and his gifts as a novelist were so great as to rank him at his best not far below the place which is occupied by Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope, and very much above such mediocrities as Wilkie Collins, Besant, Rice, and even Bulwer-Lytton. He had an instinctive appreciation of the dramatic, and a glowing imagination which made everything that he touched seem intensely alive. Not very long ago we reprinted a criticism which Reade anonymously published and which contrasted George Eliot's *Romola* with his own romance, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. The fact that Reade was the author of this paper convicted him of an immense egotism; yet all the same his strictures upon George Eliot were wholly true. *Romola* is pale and pedantic when set beside Reade's glowing pages, which describe so intimately the life of Holland, France, Germany and Italy, in the time of the Renaissance, and which are as true to history as they are to human nature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AN IMPRESSION OF THE RECEPTION OF THE NEWEST FRENCH IMMORTAL, M. FRÉDÉRIC MASSON.

M. Faguet, M. Brunetière, M. Boissier.

M. FREDERIC MASSON.

Most of the comments upon Reade which we have lately seen in American publications lead one to think that the writers do not possess a first-hand knowledge of his novels. One of Kipling's characters speaks of *A Woman Hater* as the finest of Reade's books; and therefore many persons have jumped to a conclusion that this is also Kipling's own opinion. But such a thing is quite impossible. *A Woman Hater* was about the last story that Reade wrote, and it is the production of a man who had reached the period of his decline. The same remark is also true of *A Simpleton.* Edmund Gosse assigns the first place to *Griffith Gaunt,* and we believe this estimate to be very just. *Griffith Gaunt* is a striking study of the power of jealousy, and it is comparable with Trollope's painful but absorbing story, *He Knew He Was Right.* It gives a remarkably true picture of England in the middle of the eighteenth century, and it does this not through any conscious effort of the author, but because he was saturated with the spirit of the time. Moreover, in this book Reade kept his literary eccentricities under strict control and allowed only his finer qualities to appear. There are few things in literature more thrillingly dramatic than the whole trial scene in which Catherine Gaunt, accused of the murder of her husband, puts aside all legal advice and acts as her own counsel, cross-examining hostile witnesses and fighting an intellectual duel with the vicious but able woman who is eager to compass her destruction. Next to *Griffith Gaunt* we should place *The Cloister and the Hearth;* and after that, *It is Never Too Late to Mend.* This last book made so profound an impression as to lead to a reform of the English prison system, just as *Hard Cash* did away with the scandal of private lunatic asylums. Probably the greatest immediate sensation was created by the appearance of *A Terrible Temptation.* This book was denounced alike by pulpit and by press as grossly immoral; and as it left partially unsolved a rather delicate question relating to one of the characters, it was enormously talked about all over the English-speaking world. These novels, together with the two short stories *Christie Johnstone* and *Peg Woffington,* have elements of vitality in them which will perpetually insure them against oblivion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**An Apostle of the Smug.**

Dr. Samuel Smiles, who lately died at the age of ninety-two, wrote several books that made his name known over the greater part of the civilised world. The most conspicuous of these was *Self-Help*, which appeared in 1859. It was addressed to young men and contained Dr. Smiles's theory of how to get on in life. Dr. Smiles regarded material success as the end and aim of human effort. How to make and save, how to push your way, how to get rich, in a word how to make life one great sordid grind—this was the lesson which Dr. Smiles preached interminably. The publisher who rejected the manuscript of *Self-Help* and thus compelled Smiles to publish the book at his own expense, made a mistake from a commercial point of view; but his judgment did honour to his taste and to his faith in the finer qualities of human nature. He could not conceive that hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of men would really take this kind of a book to be their gospel, and pattern their lives after the smug and Scrooge-like

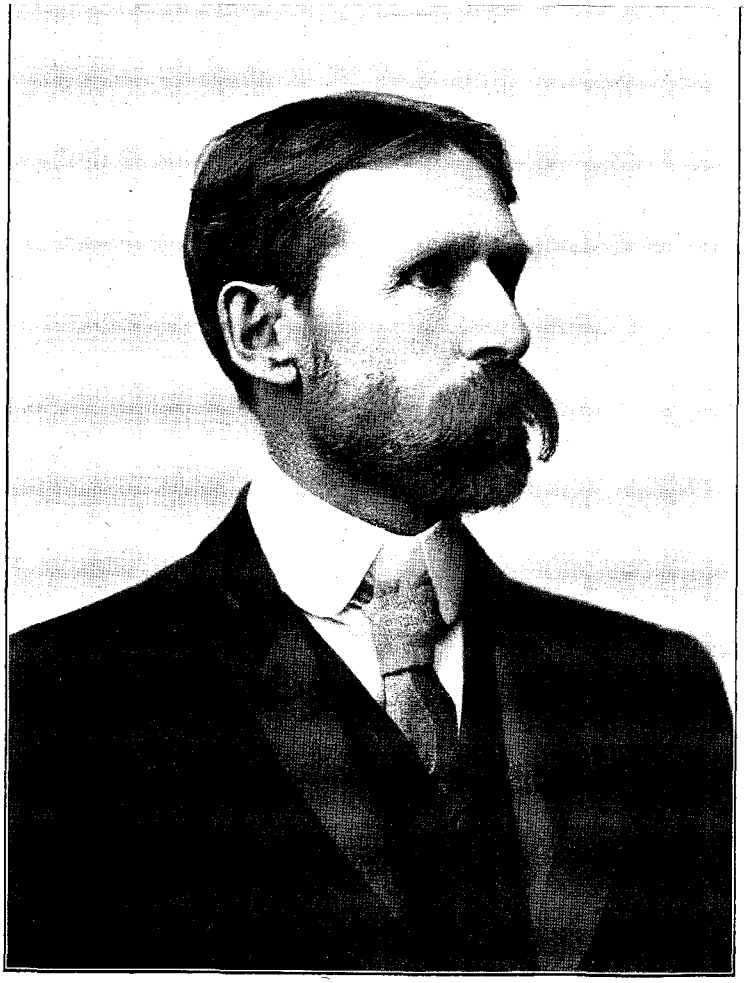
THE LATE SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY.
Photograph by Rockwood, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

model held up to them by Smiles. Such, however, was the case, and *Self-Help* was translated into seventeen languages for the materializing of a good many more than seventeen nations. Next to Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac,* this book is probably the surest and most offensive expression of the trading, cheerless, bourgeois spirit to be found anywhere in print.

**The Late Edgar Fawcett.**

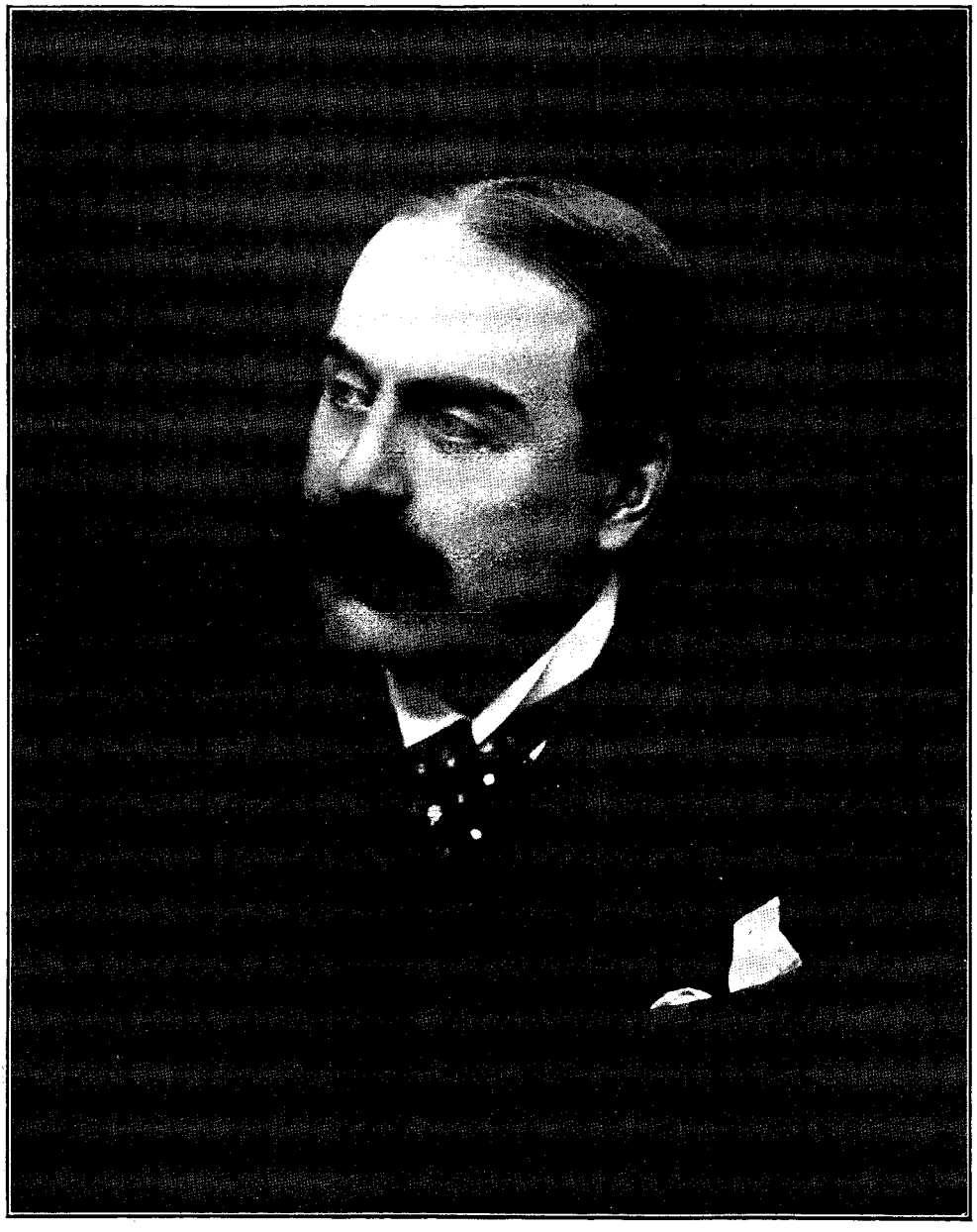
In a literary sense Edgar Fawcett, during the last ten or twelve years of his life, was more or less of an anachronism. He had cut loose from America, he was making London his home, and his later books about New York had a flavour that was odd to the taste of a good many readers of the new generation. He was essentially a novelist of New York; but the New York that he knew, that he was never quite able to get away from, was the New York of thirty or thirty-five years ago, a great, big, growing town that reached up to somewhere near Central Park, and regarded Harlem, and Manhattanville, and Yorkville as regions remote. The visiting British nobleman or the travelling American in his novels always stayed at the Brevoort, and of an afternoon leisurely strolled up Fifth Avenue as far as Thirty-fourth Street. Mr. Fawcett had an eye for and an appreciation of local colour long before the term came to be so widely abused. He



FRANCIS LYNDE.
Mr. Lynde's novel "The Grafters" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was one of the first to make use of the suburbs of New York. In *A New York Family*, one of his best novels, he brought in Hoboken and Greenpoint as backgrounds, and his description of the latter remains the very best to be found in fiction. Judged from present day standard, however, he was not so happy in the pictures he drew of the New York slums. In his time we had no specialists in neighbourhoods, no experts on "Little Italy," "The Ghetto," "The Syrian Quarters," "Chinatown;" none of the Norrs, Townsends, Cahans, Essings, Rosenfelds, Duncans, who of late years have been writing from the inside, so to speak. Mr. Faw-



THE LATE EDGAR FAWCETT.
From a Portrait in Possession or Mr. J. M. Stoddart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FAMILIAR GLIMPSE OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON at Tuskegee
Stereograph, Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, New York.

cett's knowledge of the slums was at best superficial, and when he essayed to write of low life in *The Evil That Men Do*, he failed to impress the modern reader. Perhaps none of his books was more entertaining than *Social Silhouettes*, a series of sketches of types, which is well worth rereading for itself, and which will be found invaluable to any one who wishes to reconstruct a certain period of New York life. In this book he shows humour and a keen observation. As a novelist he was far above the average of his day, and for his genuine effort to describe life as he saw it and to make use of American material at a time when it was not fashionable to do so, he deserves to be remembered.

❧

**Beatrix Demarest Lloyd**

Beatrix Demarest Lloyd (Mrs. Atherton Brownell), whose recent novel, *The Pastime of Eternity*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is a daughter of David Lloyd, for a long time an editorial writer on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and author of *The Senator*, *The Woman Hater*, and other successful plays. After her father's death, the daughter became the ward of Edmund Clarence Stedman. A few months ago she was married to Mr. Atherton Brownell.

❧

**The Woman Wins**

A personal impression of the short stories of Mr. Robert Barr, whose new volume, *The Woman Wins*, has just appeared, is that after reading one, we lay it aside with the feeling that it is exceptionally good, but that after reading a dozen we are considerably disappointed because they have not been better. This does not imply that the last eleven are in any way inferior to the first, for Mr. Barr always writes up to a certain level and never goes very far above that level; nor does it imply monotony or a lack of variety, for this author is singularly happy and inventive in the matter of plots. It is probably because there is about each story a superficial brightness and cleverness and flashes of real humour which for the brief moment blind us to the real defects of the tale itself. This volume of stories may be summed up as a collection of magazine tales consider-

BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ably above the average. As a book, to be read of an idle evening and then very promptly entirely forgotten, *The Woman Wins* may be recommended.

**The Reappearance of Wee MacGreegor**

To appreciate what Wee MacGreegor meant to Glasgow a year ago, an American would have had to see the streets of that city. The youth's popularity was at its height at the time when King Edward was visiting Glasgow, and despite the garish and extravagant display made by the city for the occasion, it was rather difficult to determine whether His Majesty or the urchin was attracting the more attention. In front of every shop along the principal streets there was a flag flying ostentatiously attesting the Scotsman's loyalty; but in the shop windows behind the flag there were dozens of articles which showed the Scottish tradesman's appreciation of Mr. Bell's hero for advertising purposes. It was "Try a drap of the Wee MacGreegor whiskey," "The Wee MacGreegor boot, comfortable to the foot," "Don't miss the Wee MacGreegor taiblet," and "Wear MacPherson's Wee MacGreegor trousers, 4s 6d." And a Scotch literary success upon which a Glasgow tradesman feels that he may safely rest his business interests is a success, indeed.

Now that Mr. Bell has given us a new series entitled *The Later Adventures of Wee MacGreegor* it is worth while to stop for a minute to consider upon what the popularity of these sketches and this character rest. In the first place, it is doubtful if any but a Glasgow man or woman thoroughly appreciated and understood Wee MacGreegor. The stories were read and enjoyed elsewhere in Scotland, in England, and in this country, but for all that Wee MacGreegor was as local to Sauchiehall or Argyle Streets as Chimmie Fadden was to the Bowery, or Martin Dooley to the Archey Road. Then, too, the sketches were of lower middle class people, told in a lower middle class way, and it was a lower middle class city which they roused to such enthusiasm. But for that matter a great deal of the very best humour of all literature has been lower middle class, and the figure of the irrepressible little Scotch urchin, with his round eyes, his inquisitive persistence, is interesting beyond doubt, and at least a good part of his popularity has not been undeserved.

MARIE CORELLI'S HOME AT STRATFORD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Maurice Jokai**

The relatively slight attention which the recent death of Maurus Jókai called forth from our daily press is typical of a widespread sense of detachment, a lack of sympathy, springing from a want of personal knowledge of the author and his works. Jókai was admittedly a unique figure in contemporary letters, one of the small number of veteran writers of international interest. Yet it is a question whether any other novelist of similar importance has been accepted outside of his own country so largely upon hearsay, and read and studied so little at first hand. While there has been no dearth of translations, and good ones, too, of his principal works, it has been easier to accept the verdict of his own countrymen than to try to find out the reason of it for ourselves. Where a Russian would point to Tolstoy or a Pole to Sienkiewicz, a Hungarian would point with similar pride to Jókai, while the hold that he had upon the hearts of the people at large can be compared only to the vogue once enjoyed by Dickens in England, or by Balzac in France. In the matter of fertile production he rivalled, single-handed, the output of the elder Dumas's alleged *fabrique de romans,* and in all modern literature Lord Beaconsfield furnishes almost the only parallel case of a novelist of any merit who was also a statesman and for upward of fifty years wielded an effective influence over the political history of his country.

Jókai's literary activity began just before the Revolution of 1848, a time when literature and patriotism had been made almost synonymous in Hungary by the fiery zeal of such writers as Alexander Petöfi and his followers. Petöfi's warm friendship was one of the earliest and most valued proofs of Jókai's first venture into print; and the practical outcome of this friendship was that the poet and the novelist soon afterwards became joint editors of a weekly publication called *Pictures of Life.* This venture did not last long, but the taste for political journalism which Jókai then acquired lasted for a lifetime. From the first,

JOKAI IN HIS STUDIO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jókai's attitude in politics was conservative. Even in the stormy days of 1849 he zealously preached moderation in the columns of the *Esti Lapok,* which he then controlled, thereby escaping many of the serious consequences which overtook his friends and associates after Kossuth's downfall. After the reopening of the Hungarian Parliament in the early sixties, Jókai was elected to a seat and remained an active member throughout the greater part of his life, zealously supporting the policy of Tisza, both in his speeches and through the columns of the leading political journals like the *Hom* and the *Memzet,* which he successively controlled.

It is easy to understand why Jókai's novels have never been successfully naturalised in England or America. He was one of those many-sided geniuses whose ability to do many things well not only makes a final choice of a profession difficult, but tends to mar the product of

Maurice Jokai

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ultimate choice. He had in him the making of a fairly good sculptor or painter; necessity made him something more than a passable lawyer; and inclination, coupled with early success, eventually made him a teller of stories. This phrase is used advisedly; the particular story that Jókai had to tell was always to him of vastly more importance than the way in which he told it. His style was so much a matter of the moment, a chameleon reflection from the last foreign author whom he happened to be reading, that it has been seriously questioned by some critics whether he really had any style of his own. The most serious complaint which the Germans have had to make against him is that at one time he gives us a Dickens-Jókai, at another a Dumas-Jókai, at another an Ebers-Jókai, but never a Jókai pure and simple. Such a criticism as this has never come from a Hungarian, and for a very good reason. The best and most characteristic quality of Jókai's books is the very part which a foreigner is not in a position to appreciate. It must be remembered that the Hungarians belong to a non-Ayrian stock; the rural and primitive life of the people is built upon a mass of customs and traditions and folk-lore in which the other civilised races of Europe have no share or sympathy; their peasant dances and music have in them something strange and exotic that separates them from those of France or Germany or Russia. Now of all the writers in Hungary it is conceded that no one has understood so well or reproduced with such unerring fidelity as Maurus Jókai the life of the people. His books are many of them a panorama of pictures straight from life; sometimes a mere phrase summing up an entire scene, or it may be a whole group of portraits given with a few rapid, inimitable strokes. Where he fails is in the psychology of the stories; even his most ardent admirers concede that he has never been fully successful in tracing the development of character. Now so long as a foreign writer, whether he be a Balzac or a Tolstoy, a Valdes or a Verga, has the gift of psychological analysis, it makes no difference how strange or alien the customs are that he depicts, because he makes you feel that in spite of the difference of race and environment, the underlying human nature is essentially the same all the world over. Jókai in his most characteristic stories—the stories upon which his reputation in Hungary rests—fails to give the foreigner this feeling. You must be a Hungarian yourself, deeply imbued with the national language and customs and traditions, in order to be in a position to appreciate the truth of his picture.

For these reasons it has never seemed at all surprising when readers have confessed frankly that they found such volumes as *An Hungarian Nobleman* disappointing, and in spite of the pleasure which some of the volumes are likely to afford to any reader who is not too exacting, Jókai is an author that one may well hesitate to recommend. There is, however, one volume which might well have been expected to have enjoyed a wider popularity. In Germany it is fairly well known under the title of *Der Goldmensch*. It has been translated several times into English, and under various names, such as *A Modern Midas* and *Timar's Two Worlds*. It is the story of a man who has everything that man could wish; wealth, position, honour, the woman of his choice, and who nevertheless cannot be happy because he feels that he is a thief. In the beginning Timar is poor, friendless, and with no definite prospects. He is making the journey up the Danube, through the dangerous rapids on a boat laden with grain from Turkey. His fellow passengers are the old man who owns that grain and his beautiful daughter, with whom Timar falls in love. There comes a terrible storm, the boat strikes a rock and sinks, and the old man, dying, pledges Timar to look after his daughter and the bags of grain and to remember "the red new moon." Burdened with the new responsibility of this young girl, Timar is led into temptation. A contract for furnishing bread to the Hungarian army is offered to the lowest bidder and the suggestion comes to Timar's mind to raise those bags of mouldy wheat and use them to fill the contract, trusting that the Hungarian soldiers would not know the difference between mouldy bread and good. But when the bags are raised there are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some that are stamped with a red new moon, and these bags contain a priceless fortune in diamonds and rubies and pearls. Now the girl has been intrusted in Timar's care; if he reveals the fortune to her, who knows whether her unscrupulous relatives may not rob her of it? Besides in one sense it belongs to him by right of discovery. Such at least is the sophistry with which he stills his conscience and decides to conceal the wealth and keep it for his own purposes. The purpose of the rest of the story is to show why happiness can never come to Timar until he voluntarily surrenders up that fortune and goes forth as poor as he was in the beginning.

❧

**Last Season's Audiences.**

Perhaps the wish is father to the thought, but we are inclined to draw a hopeful inference from the theatrical season just closed. It was, of course, a season of financial disaster, but this instead of being matter of complaint is proof rather that there is a just God in Israel. Most of the things that ought to have failed did fail. As students of demand, managers forgot that even the crowd's taste may improve. Signs of discrimination, even of sophistication, were not lacking in many New York audiences. Plays which were thought to be over their heads were found to be fairly on the general level. Bernard Shaw's plays, ventured as a forlorn hope, actually became the fashion and on all sides you could hear smartly dressed people telling the most fearful lies about their interest in them. Nat Goodwin's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* failed in spite of its most gorgeous setting simply because it was badly played. Mr. Ben Greet's *Twelfth Night,* presented in Elizabethan destitution, bare of every mechanical illusion, succeeded because it was well acted. Good commercial melodramas, market plays compounded of well-tried situations and staple dialogue, which ought to have succeeded because they were commonplace, failed for that very reason. Taken as a whole, it was a season of richly deserved damnations, and it would seem to show that poor plays are by no means so good an investment as had hitherto been supposed. In New York, at least, the audiences of last season were unusually wide awake, and distinguished the good from the bad in a manner most disconcerting to the managers. There were signs of a healthy discontent.

❧

**The London Audience.**

In London, apparently, there is no such sign of awakening. That silly little play *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner,* which we all laughed at and let die, is taken there in all seriousness. On the other hand, *The Arm of the Law,* one of the best plays presented there in several months, was taken off after a short run. It was a rather harrowing piece, adapted from the French, and turning on the temptation of magistrates to convict prisoners in order to further their own official advancement. A magistrate, whose only chance of promotion lies in the conviction of a man accused of murder, turns about because of a belief in the man's innocence and secures his acquittal. His ambitious colleague, who feels no such compunctions, meanwhile employs all his resources against the prisoner, and when his wife testifies to his innocence drags from her the story of her life before marriage, which she has kept from her husband. The latter when freed renounces her and she in revenge stabs the prosecutor and then herself. Miss Violet Vanbrugh played the wife's part with intelligence but with a degree of emphasis that made the emotional hammering of our leading ladies seem almost subtle. Critics have often remarked the tough nerves of our playgoers and we had always supposed that the passions of our leading ladies could not be too loud; but the powerful bass voice of Miss Vanbrugh would have sent any New York audience into the streets shuddering. Not only did the audience sit tight, but the more terrible the outbursts the better they seemed to like them.

❧

**Authors and Illustrators.**

The making of the modern novel has become in a measure a collaboration of author, artist, and publisher, in which the author is not always the chief factor. When the manuscript of a story has been read and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been found acceptable by the publisher, the work is only begun. If the tale is a good one, that much is gained, but the publisher still has to think of the very important work of presenting it to the reading public in the most attractive form. Binding, cover designs, and illustrations, are selling novels to-day for which, when we dip into the text, we can find no possible excuse. The part played by the illustrator is increasing steadily in importance. When a year or so ago a publishing firm brought out a new edition of *The Deserted Village,* it was not Oliver Goldsmith's poem that they were trying to sell, but Mr. Abbey's illustrations. The name of Longfellow is certainly a respectable one in literature, yet it was very much subordinated to the name of Howard Chandler Christy in a recent edition of *Miles Standish.* In the latter case, almost all the reports from the booksellers throughout the country upon which THE BOOKMAN's list are based referred to the volume as *"Christy's Miles Standish."* Now, under these conditions, since author and artist are equal accomplices, instead of the latter's being merely a *particeps criminis,* or an accomplice before or after the fact, it is inevitable that from time to time there should be very decided differences of opinion. Author and artist alike are notoriously sensitive; each has a pretty good share of *amour propre,* and each is very ready to believe the other's share in the collaboration to be more or less inadequate. Under these conditions we think it will be interesting to open the columns of THE BOOKMAN for a general discussion by those best qualified to speak, and to this end we have sent out to a limited number of distinguished American writers and illustrators, letters containing a certain number of questions. In this issue we are printing a few of the replies from authors. The discussion will be carried on through succeeding numbers of the magazine.

TO THE AUTHOR.

Recently there has been considerable discussion about the value of illustrating novels, and the illustrators have in many cases been severely criticised because they do not seem to have read the text of the stories which they illustrate, and in consequence have made some queer "breaks."

If agreeable to you, will you favour us with an answer to the following questions:

Do you prefer to have your books illustrated?

Do you consider that the illustrations add to the popularity of the story?

Does the artist give an adequate idea of your characters?

Do you think that the artist reads the story faithfully and interprets your meaning?

In arranging this symposium for THE BOOKMAN, we intend to give the artist an opportunity to express his opinion as frankly as he pleases, and we trust that you will also feel inclined to write us quite as frankly.

TO THE ILLUSTRATOR.

Recently there has been considerable discussion about the value of illustrating novels. The illustrators have in some cases been criticised and charged with not always reading the text of the story in question.

If agreeable to you, will you favour us with an answer to the following questions.

Is an opportunity given you to read the text before you begin to make the illustrations?

Do you meet the author and receive any points about the setting of the story or the dressing of the characters?

In other words, does all your information come from the author or from the publisher?

Are you hurried in such a way as to affect your work?

In arranging this symposium for THE BOOKMAN, we intend to give the author an opportunity to express his opinion as frankly as he pleases, and we trust that you will also feel inclined to write us quite as frankly.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN—I regret to say that your letter reached me when I was working night and day trying to finish my book, and I have not had the opportunity before to go through my mail.

In answer to your first question (do I prefer to have my books illustrated), I should say on the whole that I do not. My personal experience in the matter is, however good the artist, his conception is very rarely if ever the conception of the author. This is my personal feeling.

The answer to your second question (whether illustration adds to the popularity of the story), bears directly upon this. I think that *good* illustrations do add to the popularity of the story. The conception of a good artist is very often the conception of the majority of the readers. The artist forms his opinions from the text, just as the reader does. Good illustrations add to the attractiveness of a book on the news stands and in the shops, and very often are the deciding factors in a purchase.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In answer to your third question (does the artist give any adequate idea of my characters), Mr. Christy, on two occasions, came very near to my conception of the appearance of one of my characters. Judging from my experience, however, I have found it extremely difficult to describe, even in personal talks with the artist, my idea of a face.

In answer to your fourth question (whether the artist reads the story faithfully and interprets my meaning), I believe that all those artists who have illustrated my books have been most faithful and painstaking in this matter. However, they have in some cases sacrificed the text to the composition of their pictures.

In the light of a very recent experience I believe that if it were possible for the author to take the time and go into the street with the artist and find the actual types and secure them as models, it would be much better for both. I have great sympathy with the difficulties which confront artists in this matter. It seems unnecessary to add that there are a great many illustrators and a very few good ones. Most illustrators obtain the sheets of a book at the last moment and are hurried through the execution of pictures at the rate of one or more a week. It seems to me that this is one reason why so many illustrations are not satisfactory, and it is far from being the fault of the artist.

Very sincerely,
WINSTON CHURCHILL.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I prefer to have my books illustrated if there is reasonable assurance in advance that the artist is qualified to handle the story and its characters intelligently. The artists who have done the pictures for my stories, up to the present, have unquestionably treated them in a capable way. They have presented quite an acceptable idea of the characters as I have drawn them in my imagination. Illustrations serve to popularise a book, I believe, provided they are well done and the artist has given careful attention to the details and characteristics of people and things. Some of the books I have seen lately have been prettily but distressingly illustrated. The artists in these cases have utterly failed to follow the story and have idealised where they should have done precisely the reverse. It would be a deplorable thought to me if I felt that the artist did not read the story faithfully. I will do him the justice to say that he has done the best he could with the characters as they were drawn by the author. It strikes me that it is not always the fault of the honest, conscientious artist if he fails to picture the character as it should be drawn. Sometimes the author is responsible for the misconception. In this I am not speaking of the artists who paint solely to advance their own popularity and vogue. Such as they should not be permitted to illustrate books in any shape or form. They should "do" calendars and advertisements for the suffering breakfast foods.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIRS: In reply to your question as to the value of illustrations in books:

(1) and (2) I do not think that some of my collections of short stories would have gained by the use of pictures, as under the present system of illustrating, the typical western love story, the pictures merely represent the dress of the period, and in the case of the more famous illustrators have little or no apparent connection with the text; but in my most popular books, which have dealt with child life, I think the illustrations have materially added to the charm and popularity of the work.

(3) In the three books of mine which have been illustrated, the artists represented have produced the most delightful results, in one or two cases giving me a more definitely characterised picture than I had formed in my own mind, and in almost every case supplying the reader with a perfectly adequate idea; indeed, I am convinced that in the most successful illustrations my description and the artist's have been quite interchangeable in the reader's mind.

(4) In the case of the books referred to, I am sure that the artists have read the stories not only faithfully, but with a real interest, for the attention to detail is marked. But I am bound to add that I have never observed anything like this success or attention to detail in their work for other authors, and that I consider my good fortune in this regard not wholly typical. In my other magazine work I have never been able to discover that the illustrators of short stories and poems considered themselves under contract to do more than supply figures of a sex in accordance with the text. As I have confined myself uniformly to two sexes, figures of either a man or a woman in modern costume scattered through the text can hardly be said to give an impression entirely false; they merely render the author's descriptions a little obscure.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN: In reply to the questions you ask in your letter of April the 6th, I would say that I care very little for illustrations in my books—or, for that matter, in any of my favourite books by other writers. The only novel I can recall which seemed to me perfectly interpreted by the pictures was the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English edition of "Resurrection." Whether or not illustrations add to the popularity of a book I am in no way able to judge. This is a question for a publisher. No, I have never found that an artist was able to reproduce my own mental image of a character, but it seems unreasonable to expect this since, of course, the same words convey totally different impressions to two different minds. To the last question I can answer "yes." So far as my experience permits me to express an opinion, I believe that the artist generally reads the book very carefully. Where he differs from the author is, after all, in a distinct—one may say diverging point of vision. Very truly yours, ELLEN GLASGOW.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN—It would seem the natural wish of every earnest writer of fiction to have his work illustrated. Certainly I should like above all things to have pictures in my books and the more the better, were it possible to find an artist able and willing to draw and paint the pictures that I see in the story. But I doubt if such an artist can be found, for my limited search has already shown me how hard he is to find, and has almost led me to believe that the greater the artist's ability the less he is to be relied upon to draw or paint any other than the pictures that he sees in the story. And these are not like the ones I see nor like those that I wish the reader to see—nor, indeed, like anything that I ever thought of anybody's seeing. In saying this there is no sort of comparison, and no need that any should be made, since the artist's pictures may be either better or worse than the author's without altering the fact that the two are entirely unlike. And, in truth, neither the good nor the bad quality of the artist's work can ever have much to do with any author's feeling toward illustrations intended to illustrate his own fiction. That must depend almost entirely upon what he thinks of the likeness or the unlikeness of the illustrations to the people and scenes of his story. For my own part I do not like the pictures which have appeared in my books solely for the reason that they represent people and scenes that are strange to me. In addition to this there is a fear lest the lack of resemblance between the pictures—as they are and as I think they should be—may confuse the reader's impression of the story. Of course I have no means of knowing just what that would be if the story were left to make its own way—but I have the assurance of more than one reader that it would be different from the illustrations. Again it has been said that they brought out the characters and scenes wonderfully—and that was the hardest of all to bear. For there would be a grain of comfort in knowing that the reader really did feel some of the surprise, the dismay, and positive indignation that I felt, on first seeing Mr. Pennington's Miss Judy making herself at home in the peaceful places that seemed to me sacred to my Miss Judy. I have not a word to say against the small gentlewoman of the artist's creation. She is worthy of the highest esteem and admiration, and no doubt quite as charming as the critics declared her to be—with hardly a dissenting voice. But she was a stranger to me. I had never seen or heard of her before. And so long as the pages of that illustrated edition hold together I can never regard her in any other way than as an amiable alien and an innocent intruder, who has no rightful place among the people of my books.

And yet no author could wish a more attentive and even sympathetic reading than the artist gave the book. And, indeed, I should say that the artists do read the stories whenever they are given the time. The lack of it is among the many sources of the discord, and both my books have suffered from haste. Mr. Grant having the greater cause of complaint upon this score. Had there been more time the artists might have felt that they had had a fairer opportunity and the results might have been somewhat different. But I doubt if any length of time could have made any difference that would have altered my feeling in the matter. It does not seem to me possible that an author—seeing his own people and scenes as distinctly as he must see them to win any degree of fictional success—ever can be satisfied with another's representation of them. Certainly it is impossible unless two different imaginations may be brought to see and portray imaginary people and scenes precisely alike. NANCY HUSTON BANKS.

**Yellow Journalism**

The American Newspaper series now running in THE BOOKMAN did not seem complete without an article that should present the point of view of yellow journalism. The thoroughly characteristic (and, we may add, *ex parte*) paper by Mr. Arthur Brisbane in the present number will, we believe, be of interest to our readers. However we regard what yellow journalists are actually doing, we can not help being curious as to what they think they are doing. Men's views of their own deeds are often so delightfully romantic. Needless to say, later papers of this series will recur to a discussion of this topic from a somewhat different point of view. The next paper in the series will deal with "The Newspaper and Politics."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE MAKING OF THE MODERN GUIDEBOOK.

WHEN the typical good American dies and goes to Paris, it may be assumed that it is to seek familiar haunts endeared to him in the flesh, and that he needs no guide to point the way. But on his first actual voyages of exploration to his as yet unknown Mecca, even before he secures the indispensable letter of credit and steamer ticket, he will almost certainly provide himself with the compact little volume which is to direct him in the choice of his route, his abiding places, his amusements, and his pursuits. This faithful companion of his wanderings he may, if he chooses, purchase anywhere, not under the name of a 'guidebook,' but as a 'Baedeker'; for among American tourists in Europe the terms have long since ceased to be differentiated. Such transfers of name from the person to the thing usually indicate that the object so named is the first of its kind or that it is widely and popularly known. In the first case the application of the name is apt to become obsolete; in the second, it may represent totally different objects to the minds of different persons. A "derringer" is not a generally familiar thing under that name to the present generation of Americans; and another well-known name means to a sportsman or military man a certain popular rifle, while to a stenographer it represents only a particular typewriter. But the American public knows but one meaning for "a Pullman" or "a Baedeker";—the transfer of meaning is complete.

Baedeker's guides have attained this highest form of recognition not because they were prototypes of their class, but because they embody in the highest degree the essential qualities called for in works of this character—reliability, accuracy, comprehensiveness, modernness, conciseness, and the absence of the purely personal element.

### THE PRECURSORS OF BAEDEKER.

The line of Baedeker's precursors may be carried back, if one wishes, to the picturesque descriptions of the credulous Herodotus and the more reliable first-hand accounts of Pausanias, whose guide to Athens, after the lapse of centuries, is still consulted by the elect few. The pilgrimages to the Holy Land produced many descriptions of the journey, some of which contained instructions for future travellers. With the invention of printing, and particularly with the growth of extended travel in the sixteenth century, the number of these works was greatly increased. These books, however, were traveller's guides only in a limited sense. Their titles—Itinerarium, Viatorium, and the like—were generally misleading, as the works were often simply accounts of journeys, geographical treatises, or archæological monographs.

The beginnings of the modern guidebook as such, date from the early years of the nineteenth century, and are to be found in some small English works issued for the benefit of Alpine climbers. The earliest types of systematic guidebooks were those of Murray, still largely in vogue among the English. The first Baedeker resulted from an arrangement made about 1825 between Murray and Karl Baedeker, the then head of the famous German publishing house, by which the latter undertook to adapt for German use a guide to the Rhine issued by Murray. The success of this first venture encouraged Mr. Baedeker to embark independently in the work with which his name has since been chiefly identified. In 1839 he published the second volume, Belgium and Holland, which was followed in 1842 by Germany and Vienna, in 1844 by Switzerland, and in 1859 by Paris.

Mr. Baedeker's plan, though suggested by Murray's, was soon differentiated from its model by features which still remain its salient characteristics. Chief among these was the device of issuing editions of the guidebooks in English and French as well as German, the first English edition appearing in 1861. The editor set up a high standard of accuracy and impartiality, rigidly excluded all ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vertisements, and by means of the famous asterisks established a kind of roll of honour for hotels, tradesmen, etc., invaluable to the traveller for its authority and reliability. As the system grew, the treatment of special departments—art, archæology, history, sports—was placed in the hands of responsible and recognised experts, and in all ways an effort was made to reach absolute reliability, the reputation for which has become an inheritance and a matter of personal pride with the publishers, who spare neither pains nor expense to justify it down to the smallest details.

### THE SYSTEM.

The making of the guidebook is of necessity a growth. No plan could have been deliberately adopted which could have produced in the first instance such completeness and minuteness of information as modern travel requires. Still less could a single individual become personally familiar with so great a mass of details. From the nature of the field, the guidebook must be, and is, the product of long experience and the observations of many persons, and must, for the same reasons, always be in making and never made.

The system developed by the Baedekers in their long experience is simple but effective. It involves, first, strict adherence to the standard set up by the founder of the series; the greatest possible amount of personal investigation by the head of the firm, and his lieutenants; and a close watch on the numberless channels through which the great body of information in regard to details must be received. The latter labour is greatly lightened by the voluntary contributions of travellers, particularly among the Germans, who take an almost national pride in the standing of their fellow countryman's undertaking. The management is centred in the firm's publishing house in Leipzig, where all the mechanical operations of typesetting, engraving, and printing are carried on. This assures a homogeneous character and similarity in appearance for all the editions, whether German, French, or English. The guides are published originally in German, except those relating to France, Great Britain, and the United States.

For the preparation of these and for the English and French translations, or rather adaptations, of those written in German, an English and a French editor are respectively responsible. A large portion of the time of these gentlemen, as well as of Herr Baedeker himself, is spent in personal visits to important places. The early Baedekers were almost entirely the outcome of the editor's own observation; but, while his successors follow his example as far as possible, much of the actual travel is performed by agents trained in the system. The material contributed by these agents, with that derived from all other sources, then passes through the hands of the chief editor, and is tested and cast in the proper form. The preparation of a new guide and the revision of an old one proceed on practically the same lines. The new book, however, naturally demands more personal investigation by the responsible editor, both in arranging the plan and scope and in actual travel. Thus in preparing the United States and Canada the English editor himself covered over thirty-five thousand miles by conveyances of every description, selecting as his field the most important places and those calling for the greatest experience.

A good idea of the care bestowed on the preparation of a new book may be gained from the following, condensed from Herr Fritz Baedeker's account of the preparation of the guide for Spain. "The first manuscript, prepared by the well-known traveller, Ludwig Passarge, was revised by myself, and set up. With this printed manuscript an old colleague, Dr. Propping, travelled through Spain, making corrections based on his experiences, at the same time testing and revising the proof of Professor Justi's article on Spanish art. The article on Madrid was twice rewritten during the year by Mr. Dressel, German Secretary of Legation in Madrid. The description of the Prado picture gallery by the well-known art critic Dr. W. Bode was several times worked over because of the frequent rearrangement of the collection. After this the corrected proofsheets were submitted to a number of German residents of Spain and Portugal. As the treatment still seemed to me too broad, I once more worked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the whole and made considerable reductions. For the second edition I secured the services of Professor Hübner in Berlin, who had criticised the archæological portions as insufficient. Dr. Dressel travelled through Asturia, Galicia, and other portions; Barcelona, Seville, Lisbon, etc., were revised by resident Germans; Majorca was visited by Dr. Arndt, who also corrected the treatment of antique sculptures at Madrid and elsewhere; and a number of art critics made contributions and revised the art statements for a number of the smaller cities which Dr. Propping had not been able to visit. I then re-edited the whole book once more with the utmost care."

OMISSIONS AND INACCURACIES.

With care so minute it would seem that few errors could find a place in these guides. As a matter of fact, the few that do creep in are almost altogether those due to changing conditions, which even with Baedeker's means of information can not always be detected at once. Thus hotels may for a time continue to be mentioned or starred though they may have disappeared or failed to sustain their reputation. Mistakes of this class, however, are sure soon to be discovered and rectified through the communications of travellers, whose voluntary letters to the editors form an invaluable, though not always reliable, aid to the publisher. In using the material thus supplied the editorial instinct has its severest test. The editor must be able to judge from the writer's letter whether the latter's complaint or description rests on a legitimate basis or represents simply a fancied slight, an unreasonable demand or an attempt to influence his judgment improperly. Where the latter elements are in evidence no change is made in the guide. If, however, several correspondents agree in their recommendations or complaints, an agent is sent to investigate, and his report is final.

Other apparent lapses may from time to time appear in matters of archæology, when new discoveries follow one another in rapid succession, as of late in the Roman Forum. Such occurrences, however, are not faults unless neglected, and the effort to keep abreast of present conditions forms the reason for the comparatively small editions and the laudably frequent reissues of Baedeker. The work of revision never ceases, and forms the larger part of the editor's duties. To facilitate it, all possible sources are laid under contribution. In addition to material gained from individuals, the daily press, railroad literature, advertisements, reports, and documents of many descriptions are consulted, the required information is extracted, and the results are carefully preserved in the proper pigeon-hole or transferred at once as corrections to the pages of the guidebook. As this method necessitates constant changes in matter, all Baedekers are printed from type, which is always kept standing, and the successive editions rarely exceed 5,000 copies.

STARRING EXCELLENCE.

Much facetiousness has been expended on the Baedeker device of indicating excellence by asterisks, yet no feature of the books has had more to do with their high reputation. The star before the title of a painting or a statue may sometimes only press the button which turns on the philistine's stream of perfunctory admiration; yet even then it is leading him unconsciously to recognise the standard accepted by the educated, and has thus a more far-reaching effect than the end it momentarily serves. Allowing for legitimate variations of opinion, the system as applied to art objects represents an accepted, permanent norm. As applied to tradesmen, hotels, and other matters which touch the physical comfort or enjoyment of the individual, it is less stable and calls for unremitting supervision and the strictest impartiality. The best evidence that these qualities are always present are the entire reliance of the travelling public on Baedeker's representations and the importance which the persons and establishments affected place upon them. Hotel keepers and others have long since learned that no inducement can be offered strong enough to influence Baedeker's favourable verdict except the one influence of merit; and, if any have not learned it, the lesson is quickly taught. The first step toward this end was the exclusion of all ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vertisements. In the early days many inducements were offered the editor to give high ratings. Special attentions were given and presents sent, the latter invariably returned, and the former fruitless. Whenever possible the editors still travel incognito, and in any case always pay the cost of entertainment, declining the not infrequent proffer of free accommodation. The recognition that Baedeker's star is unpurchasable has benefited the traveller and the general public not only by making it possible to select a hotel with definite knowledge of its situation, rates, and character, but especially by forcing the proprietors to reach or maintain a definite standard of excellence.

THE CASE OF THE AGGRIEVED ORIENTAL.

The rigid adherence to independence of judgment sometimes leads to amusing, sometimes to unpleasant, results for the publisher, but always to the benefit of the tourist. The chief obstacle to carrying out an absolutely honest and frank system of rating is found in the libel laws, occasionally invoked by the dissatisfied. The traveller has doubtless noticed that Baedeker commends, mentions without comment, or ignores, but rarely condemns. In so far as the guide fails to mention, the ratings are incomplete; yet it is scarcely an omission to ignore an establishment so bad that if mentioned it must be condemned. The publishers have at times suffered the consequences of what has been considered too great frankness. One of the guides was refused admission to France until the unfavourable rating of a French proprietor was altered, and other similar instances have occurred. In such cases the most effective course is found in the suppression of all mention. An amusing example is found in the sad experience of an oversharp Oriental who, to his own cost, was successful in a libel suit brought against the publishers. One of the editions of Baedeker's Palestine and Syria, in referring to Howard's Hotel at Joppa, stated that it was kept by "one Awwad, an Arab," and, after giving the rates, added a note "Bargaining advisable." On the basis of this notice, the proprietor sued Herr Baedeker, alleging that he was not an Arab, but an English subject born in Malta; that describing him as an Arab was an implication that he was untrustworthy and tricky; and that this implication was aggravated by the added note. The case came to trial in England and was strenuously defended as a matter vitally affecting the independence of the guidebook's characterisations. The appearance in court of the swarthy plaintiff effectually endorsed the publisher's ethnographic accuracy; but through the efforts of his counsel the jury was made to feel that the hint to travellers to have a definite understanding with the proprietor constituted a reflection on Awwad's character, and gave him £50 damages and costs. The amount was duly paid, the obnoxious description, together with all mention of Howard's hotels at Jerusalem as well as at Joppa disappeared from the pages of Baedeker, and the Oriental publican and his Oriental advocate enjoyed a brief triumph. In due time, however, came the sequel. The publisher received a fervid letter from a much-chastened Awwad, entreating him to restore the mention of the hotel, with any qualifications he might see fit to annex, and proffering the return of the damages and costs. But thereafter Howard's Hotel received its patronage through other sources than Baedeker, with the final result to Awwad (whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc*) of bankruptcy and disappearance from the hotel world. It was a fair test, and showed conclusively not only that tourists do govern themselves by the statements of a reputable guidebook, but also that even bare mention in its pages is a valuable advertisement for inn keepers—a fact which the latter thoroughly appreciate.

KEEPING THE GUIDES UP TO DATE.

Hotels known only by name receive this simple mention; those known only by a number of favourable reports receive the note "well spoken of," "well recommended," while the star is given only after personal investigation by the editor or a trusted correspondent, and may be withdrawn whenever the management falls below the standard. This complete impartiality could hardly be attained by any other method than that pursued by the Baedekers. Entirely independent of income derived from adver-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tisements, untrammelled by favours received, the publisher is free to aim at one result only—excellence. With commensurate returns for a relatively large cost of production, he can afford to issue small and frequent editions; while with great family pride in the family inheritance he can not afford to permit the guides to become antiquated or to depart in any particular from their standard. These elements make the Baedekers important factors in educating and elevating the artistic taste as well as in facilitating actual travelling. The contributions of great specialists in various departments, the constant scrutiny and revision by competent observers, the excellent maps and clear plans, which have contributed not a little to the Baedeker reputation, make a collection of these guides a complete survey in outline of the world's history, art, archæology, geography, and topography.

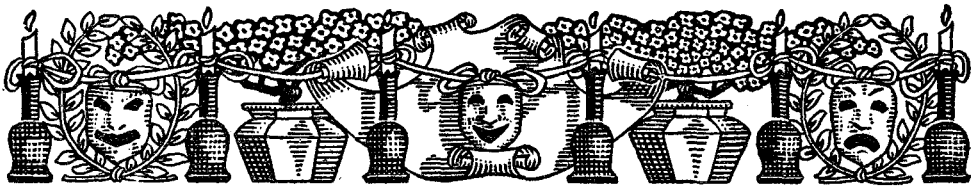
Not the least valuable feature of these works is their international character. The same independence that puts aside personal inducements rejects also any distinctive national point of view, thus fitting the guides equally well for French or English or German users. It has been said that "Baedeker has no soul," and in a sense this is a high compliment; for it is the province of a guidebook to point out, not to philosophise. It is a distinct credit to the Baedekers that they contain none of the rhapsodies, patriotic or artistic, which in British guidebooks so frequently offend a non-British reader.

It is not possible to decide in what proportion the sales of the English editions are divided between the English and Americans, since the latter often purchase the guides after reaching Europe. Enough is known, however, to justify the statement that the practical character of Baedeker's books is placing them increasingly in competition with the English works. From the impossibility of separating the English sales, it is likewise difficult to determine whether English or Americans are the greater travellers; but the general sales indicate that the English-speaking nations take first place in this particular, and the French last; while the German, always a traveller within his own country, has of late become a full-fledged globe-trotter. The largest sales are reached by the guides for Switzerland, Germany, Paris, London and Italy. As the Germans are born archæologists, it is natural to find that the handbook for Italy has its greatest sale among them. The smallest sales are those of the French editions.

How far the modern guidebook is the cause as well as the measure of foreign travel is a question difficult of solution. Increasing wealth, leisure, and education are naturally the chief factors, but the guidebook also has its share in the result by making travel easier, particularly in less familiar regions, and by bringing new fields to the traveller's knowledge.

The guidebook was at first only a venture, then an incident, and always largely a labour of love with its publishers. Now, for the first time since the founding of the house in 1827, a Baedeker, the son of the present head of the firm, is being trained with the sole purpose of equipping himself as a maker of guidebooks exclusively. By the mastery of other languages and of details of the business by training in archæology and art under Professor Helbig of Rome and by wide travel he is fitting himself to take up the work so worthily sustained by his predecessors. With this training and with the momentum of almost a century behind the work, he will be looked to by the next generation of tourists for a corresponding development of the famous red volumes which, though "Made in Germany," belong to the travellers of all the civilised world.

*Robert Arrowsmith.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HERE AND THERE.

**The War.**

The battle that was fought upon the banks of the Yalu on May-day rent apart at a single stroke the veil which had long hidden the military situation in the Far East from the eyes of the outer world. Certain definite facts became instantly apparent. In the first place, Russia's attitude in the final negotiations with Japan received an explanation. The Czar's government had put its trust in a gigantic and unsuccessful bluff. With probably fewer than 100,000 troops available for immediate service in the field, with a defective equipment of artillery, with no commander of proved ability upon the scene of action, and with a most imperfect commissariat, the Russian Viceroy spoke and acted as though all the forces of his master's Empire were massed in Manchuria and Corea. In haughty and self-confident harangues, he spoke of the "impregnable fortress" of Port Arthur, of the completeness of his preparations, and of the valour of his troops. He let it be supposed that, alike in men and munitions of war, he was ready for a vigorous and successful campaign. The Czar himself was misled by his immediate advisers, and in the cafés and clubs of St. Petersburg there reigned a spirit of supremely careless confidence.

The only persons who were not impressed by the boasting of the Viceroy and the imperious tone of Russian diplomats, were the generals and statesmen at Tokio. These, by means of a system of espionage that has perhaps never been equalled for efficiency, knew almost to a man the number and position of every Russian regiment in the East. Japanese spies had accurately noted all the weaknesses of the Russian armament, the difficulty of transportation, the inferior quality of the Asiatic troops, and the lack of ability in the Russian staff. Japanese officers of high rank had studied carefully the ground on which military operations were to be carried on; and, like the Germans in France, they knew the country better than did the actual possessors of it. And so, when Russian diplomacy used the language of menace, and when the Russian negotiators with an insolence that was ill-concealed, delayed and let negotiations drag in leisurely *insouciance,* the subtle Orientals gave no sign, but hurried on the last details of their minutely elaborated plans, because they knew that their enemy was delivered into their hands. When the hour came for them to strike, the blow was like a bolt of lightning. On sea and on land alike, there moved forward in one great irresistible rush, the forces that had been gathering strength for eight long years against the need of this great crisis in their history. Not even then, nor all at once, did the Western nations fully realize the import of Japan's success. It was not until the swarthy troops of General Kuroki had smashed a Russian army in the field, and after blasting it with artillery, had swept its battalions out of their entrenchments at the point of the bayonet,—it was not until then that Europe and America perceived the deep significance of what had happened.

The opening of the war finds striking parallels in the Franco-German contest of 1870 and the Austro-Prussian struggle of 1866. Russian unpreparedness duplicates in every detail the unpreparedness of France at the time when General Leboeuf—an earlier Alexieff—told Napoleon III. that all was ready down to the last button on his soldiers' gaiters. There is the same melancholy story of vast supplies paid for but never delivered; of barrels of beef that when opened were found to be filled with bricks and cobblestones; of cartridges that are filled with sand instead of powder; of great stores of coal that will not burn; of shells that will not explode; of parks of artillery that never had any existence except in lying reports presented to the bemused and trustful Czar. Again, like the French of 1870, the Russians for some reason or other have been unable to mass large bodies of troops at important strategic points. Something has broken down; and so it was that in the battle on the Yalu, after weeks of preparation, only some 10,000 Russians were drawn up to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oppose the 30,000 Japanese who routed them. So it was in France at Forbach, and Wissembourg, and Gravelotte, and through all the melancholy list of battles in which the French fought with desperate gallantry against four times their number. The belief that General Kuropatkin had a deep laid plan for drawing on the Japanese to some great disaster is paralleled by a like belief which was entertained in 1866 when the Austrian commander, Benedek, fell back before the Prussian troops and let them penetrate into Bohemia without giving battle. "Benedek has a plan," said the sage military critics of the time; but when the great crash came at Königgrätz, the plan of Benedek was seen to have been as elusive and imaginary as the famous *plan Trochu* of 1870. The truth is, briefly stated, that the Russians did not want a war, that they were wholly unprepared for war, and that they made the fatal mistake of fancying that they could deceive their keen antagonists by empty boasts and fatuous mendacity.

Nevertheless, that person would be rash who should at the present moment make a confident prediction as to how this wonderfully interesting war is going to end. The man in the street, and the newspaper editors who write for the man in the street, talk lightly of a final victory for Japan. The Japanese themselves are wiser. There is little exultation in Tokio as yet, over what is after all a mere preliminary to the actual convulsion which must come when the Russians shall in reality have put forth their entire strength, and when the two armies, at last made equal, shall be locked in the death grip. The Mikado's generals know very well that they have merely driven in the outposts, so to speak, and that not yet have they encountered the Muscovite in the fullness of his power. The Russian has this trait in common with the Anglo-Saxon. He does not fight his best until he has been well beaten. When Frenchmen, or Italians, or Spaniards would be making up their minds that all is lost, Americans and Englishmen and Russians have only just begun to fight. Certain facts should be remembered in estimating the probabilities of the future. In the first place, Russia's credit is much better than Japan's, and this gives her an immense advantage in a protracted war. Japan lately placed a six per cent. loan of $50,000,000 at about 93½, while Russia easily placed a five per cent. loan of $160,000,000 at 98. Moreover, the Russian imperial treasury contains some $400,000,000 in gold, all of which could be used in an extreme emergency by suspending specie payments. On the other hand, Japan is burdened with an immense debt, and during the past eight years of military preparation the Japanese people have been taxed almost to the limit of their endurance. A long war, therefore, would lead to something like national bankruptcy. In the second place, Japan has put forth her whole strength in the first months of the war, and her success has been spectacular. Just what the staying power of her troops may be is something that time alone can show. The Russian regiments that were driven from the Yalu were not the picked and seasoned troops of European Russia, but were mainly raw Siberian levies and Asiatic Cossacks, ill-disciplined and ill-equipped, and with little of that sullen, stubborn, dogged resolution which is the racial characteristic of the European Muscovite. Moreover, among them were troops from Poland and from Finland, sent to the Far East in pursuance of the cruel policy which separates the soldiers of these provinces from their homes and friends. Their disaffection must have played as important a part in impairing their fighting efficiency as did a like disaffection in impairing the fighting efficiency of Austria's Hungarian regiments in Italy in 1859 and in Bohemia in 1866. Against them were pitted the flower of the Mikado's army—the regiments of the Imperial Guard and the very ablest of the Japanese commanders. Therefore, because ten thousand ill-trained Russian troops with only forty guns were driven back by thrice their number with nearly one hundred and fifty pieces of long-range artillery, it would be foolish to draw any inferences as to the mightier conflicts that are still to come.

Some deductions that have been made from what has already happened have a definite relation to our own military and naval policies. No sooner had the Russian battleships been shattered by torpedoes than the cry arose that battleships

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are worthless and that our naval programme for the future must be altered so as to eliminate the provision for these floating forts and so as to build instead a great fleet of destroyers and torpedo boats. Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, has taken the lead in advocating such a policy as this; and his speeches in the Senate upon the subject are on a par with his other speeches against the value of trained architects in the construction and alteration of public buildings. As a matter of fact, what do the Japanese successes at Port Arthur really prove? Nothing, of course, except that if a dozen battleships are anchored in a harbour, and if their officers are all ashore carousing, and if searchlights are not used or wise precautions taken, the ships may be torpedoed by a vigilant and energetic enemy. But surely we did not need a demonstration of a fact so obvious. The long blockade maintained at Santiago by the battleships of Sampson, where the searchlights played all night upon the entrance of the harbour, is vastly more convincing as a fact than the Russian bungling and the Japanese adroitness at Port Arthur.

Finally, the attitude of the Western peoples toward Japan in her new rôle of conqueror is very interesting. All of us felt at the beginning a certain sympathy with the Japanese, or perhaps a feeling of satisfaction that Russian insolence and duplicity had been smitten hard. It was delightful to read the Russian complaints of the "treachery" of Japan because the war had been begun without a formal declaration. It was delightful, because during the past five years there is scarcely any form of mendacity and deceit of which Russian diplomats and statesmen have not been guilty. They lied about China, and they lied about Manchuria. They tried to induce the Chinese government to break its promise to England and the United States. And they did this with a hardy shamelessness that turned the stomach of all decent nations. Therefore, no one was sorry when their prestige was shattered at a blow and their boastings were turned into a sort of rancorous whine. Nevertheless, in the long run the world will be no gainer from the ultimate victory of Japan. Four years ago we wrote the following sentences in these pages, and to-day we find nothing that we desire to add to what we then wrote down:

"Japan has entered into the family of civilized nations. She has adopted occidental customs and occidental training. She has availed herself of all the instruments of occidental power. Yet, none the less, at heart and in the spirit and temper of her people, she is oriental to the core. She makes use of Western wisdom, but she dislikes the Western peoples. There never has been and, indeed, there never will be, any real sympathy between the Aryan and the non-Aryan, and they never can assimilate or be anything but enemies. Their modes of thought, their manner of living, their temperament, their ideals, are utterly antagonistic; and they cannot, in this world of ours, which is growing smaller every day, live side by side on terms of amity and mutual good-will; but rather one must dominate the other by the irresistible argument of physical force. In the long run it will be the white race against the brown race and the yellow; and it behooves the white race now to stop short of the perilous mistake of allowing the opposing races to unite. Give Japan a foothold in Corea or on the northern coast of China, and in twenty years she will have assimilated to her rule and to her training those millions that are now untaught, undisciplined, and, therefore, practically helpless against the power of the Caucasian. The quick intelligence of the Japanese and their gift for organization would soon convert these millions into a mighty fighting nation whose battalions would be equal in training and equipment to the troops of Europe and America. It is then that the Yellow Peril would be something definite and tangible, and it would be then that the battle of Armageddon would have to be fought out. Let no one think that the Japanese as a people are friendly to those Western nations that have been their teachers. They do not like us; they merely use us. Elated by their success against the Chinese five years ago, they feel themselves to be the military equals of any people in the world; and their national vanity is growing steadily into a national insolence which will know no check until the armies of Japan have met the armies of the West and have felt the shock of battle."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans should not forget that in 1898, when the United States annexed Hawaii, the Japanese government had the impertinence to make a strong protest against the annexation. The United States had exercised a protectorate over Hawaii long before the Japanese were dragged out of their semi-barbarous isolation. We had civilised and taught and protected the Hawaiian people, and then when we entered into the possession of what was our conceded right, these Orientals, situated two thousand miles away, took it upon themselves to question what we did. Let no American deceive himself as to what Japanese supremacy in Asia would really mean. It would not be many years before our fleets and armies would be fighting to retain our hold upon the Philippines. Vanity is one of the most characteristic traits of the Japanese, and should it be blown into a prodigious conceit by a victory over Russia, Asia would be too small a place to hold at once the brown men and the white. The Western world should desire to see neither a Russian nor a Japanese hegemony in China. It may seem brutal, but it is undoubtedly the truth that what we ought to wish for is that Russia and Japan should both be so wholly broken and exhausted by the present war as to sink back for a hundred years at least into a condition of international impotence.

*H. T. P.*

---

# LÈSE MAJESTÉ.

TO the average American the desire to speak insultingly of the President of the United States presents itself rarely, if ever. Even in the midst of party conflict, the due meed of respect is freely accorded both to the man and to the great office which he clothes. No statute attempts to enforce moderation of language with regard to him; indeed no one dreams that such a statute will ever become necessary. The penalties naturally attached to what would be regarded by all right-minded men as a lamentable breach of good taste are more than sufficient. Not so in Germany, where the majesty that doth hedge a king seems insufficient of itself to keep the tongues of majesty's subjects straight. Americans were once accustomed to find a satisfactory explanation for this state of affairs in the Emperor's over-indulgence in oratory, epigram, and telegram. Being "talked at" so much, it was assumed that even the patient Teuton must feel the need at times of "talking back" in spite of all the pains and penalties therefor duly made and provided. Since we have become better acquainted with William II.—or shall we be more precise and say, since the visit of Prince Henry,—our own respect for the Kaiser has appreciably increased and our former theories about him have been thoroughly overhauled. Possibly also our recent sympathy for those who assailed him with insult has decreased. Still, it remains true that no feature of modern political life in Germany appeals to us as more singular than the attempt to prevent by statute and public prosecutor any irreverent utterance regarding royalty.

### THE GERMAN LAW OF LÈSE MAJESTÉ.

The heinous crime of insulting majesty,—pity that the German language can find no more acceptable expression for it than the ponderous compound *Majestätsbeleidigung*,—is dealt with by Section 95 of the German Imperial Criminal Code. Imprisonment or confinement in a fortress for not less than two months nor more than five years is threatened those who insult the Emperor, the sovereign of their respective States, or the sovereign of the State in which they happen to be sojourning. According to the extremely broad and elastic interpretation of the courts, to "insult" means to say or do, either in public or private, with or without intention to offend, anything deemed irreverent to the princes mentioned. Thus the person who failed to rise in response to a toast to the Emperor would come under the provisions of the law as clearly as one who spoke disrespectfully of him. In addition to the penalty prescribed above, persons found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guilty under Section 95 may be punished by the loss of any public office which they hold, and by the forfeiture of any rights they possess as the result of any public election (Section 96). Thus the Social Democrat newly elected to the Reichstag whose overwhelming majority in a crowded city district should tempt him to express too candid an opinion of the Emperor might in consequence lose both his liberty and his office. By Section 97 of the Code, lighter penalties are provided for insults affecting regents, or other than reigning members of princely houses. It is, therefore, by no means politic in Germany to call even the grand-aunt of royalty an old goose, at least not without carefully considering whether the pleasure of relieving your mind in this elevated way is, after all, worth a month's imprisonment, to say nothing of the risk you run of receiving a sentence of three years for so harmless, and possibly so veracious, a remark. Not that the ability to prove the truth of your allegation would release you as in the case of an ordinary libel suit; indeed it would evidently have no other effect than to increase the enormity of your offence.

### HOW THE LAW WORKS: MINOR INFRACTIONS.

Dead letter laws are not so common in Germany as they are in certain regions considerably less remote. The statute regarding lèse majesté is no exception to this rule. Statistics collected in 1898, at the end of the first decade of the present Emperor's reign, showed that since his accession to the throne much more than one thousand years of imprisonment had been inflicted upon offenders under Section 95 of the Code. Between 1898-1904, convictions have been notoriously more numerous than before. Scarcely a week elapses without the notice in the general press of the country of three or four trials of this character. Americans can well afford to laugh over the comic-opera effects of the few cases which find their way into our foreign news columns, but to the German lèse majesté is not entirely a laughing matter. Nevertheless it remains true that no section in the whole Criminal Code of the Empire is so frequently broken.

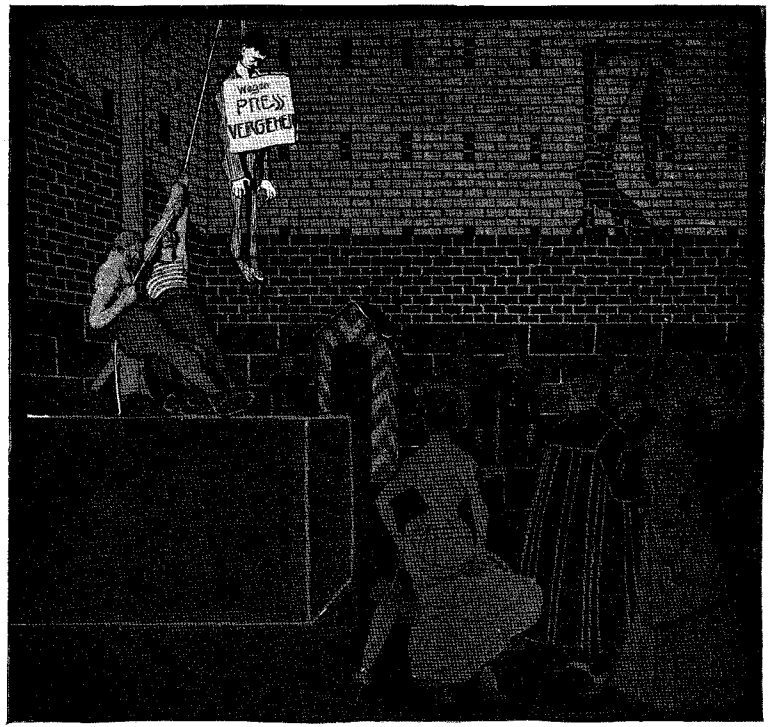
Of course, the great majority of the infractions of the law occur under circumstances which render vain the vigilance of the officious policeman and the ambition of sycophantic prosecuting attorneys. Not all walls in Germany have ears; but the proverb regarding stolen fruit is as true in the *Vaterland* as elsewhere.

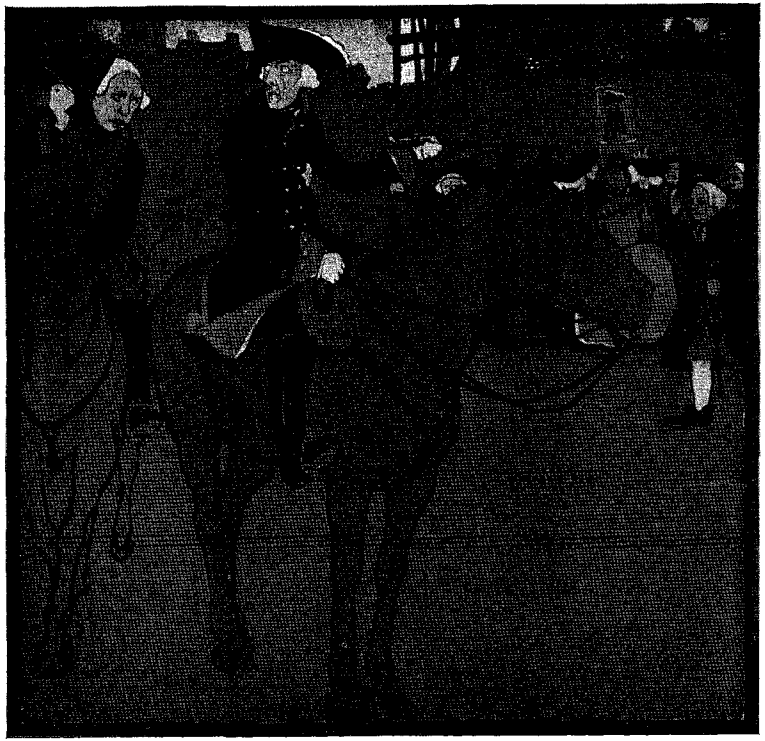
There are many Germans, even among the most loyal, who without a thought of malice are decidedly of the opinion that a good joke on the Emperor is all the better for the fact that it has to be told strictly *sub rosa*.

One favourite legend, usually related under the protection of drawn shutters and bolted doors, touches satirically upon the Kaiser's well-known propensity for travel. According to the story, part of the entertainment provided by an itinerant circus of the usual German kind consisted in a dialogue carried on by the performers somewhat after the fashion of the American minstrel show. The end-man of the troupe began by asking innocently: "What was the favourite motto of our first Emperor?" To this, the middle-man responded with William I.'s well-known saying: "I have no time to be tired." (*"Ich habe keine Zeit müde zu sein."*) Amid patriotic applause followed the question: "What was the favourite motto of our second Emperor?" Frederick III.'s pitiful note of resignation, "Learn to suffer without complaining," was the rejoinder. (*"Lerne leiden ohne zu klagen."*) Silence hung over the audience as the third question was propounded: "You have been good enough to tell us what William the Great and the beloved Frederick said; now please tell the ladies and gentlemen what is the favourite maxim of our present Emperor." "'Gusta, pack up your trunks!" came the irreverent reply in the tone of a man ordering his wife to make summary preparations for departure.

The audience which listened to this sally found it hugely amusing, less, perhaps, for its humour than because of its forbidden character. To the unfortunate middle-man, the joke may not have seemed so excruciatingly funny when the court gave him three months in which to meditate in the seclusion of a prison cell upon the dangers of misplaced levity. Apparently this punishment was not suf-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

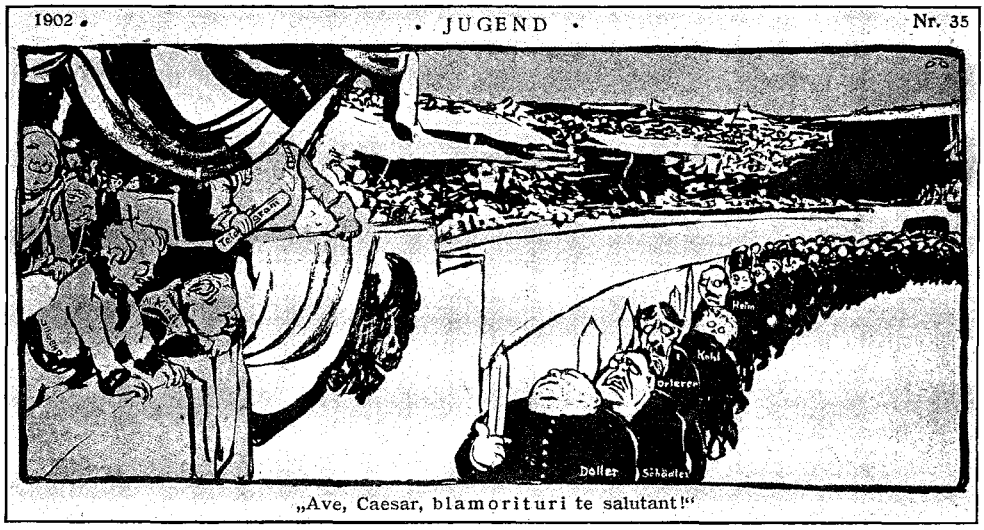


ON HANGING. PICTURES SHOWING PROGRESS MADE IN TWO CENTURIES.

Frederick the Great ordered a caricature of himself to be hung lower that all might see it. In the present century the order is to hang the editor higher, while soldiers, prosecuting attorney, and ladies watch the sport. From *Simplicissimus*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




When in 1902, the Clerical majority in the Bavarian parliament refused to grant the government the usual annual appropriation of 100,000 marks for the purchase of works of art, Emperor William impulsively telegraphed to the Prince Regent of Bavaria offering to give the sum out of his private purse. So unwarranted an interference in the affairs of one of the federal states could not be passed over in silence by the German comic press. *Jugend* represents Emperor William holding a telegram as Jove might hold a thunderbolt, while the Clerical representatives file before him upon the dust of the arena shouting, "Hail Cæsar, those about to be *blamed* salute thee!" Fortunately for the editor, the folds of the flag conceal the Emperor's head. The features of the Imperial Chancellor, behind him and to the left, leaves no doubt, however, as to the identity of the wielder of the telegram.

ficient, however, for shortly before he was to be released hand-bills were spread broadcast announcing that upon his return to the circus, he would resume his former rôle. As a result of this advertising an immense crowd attended upon the occasion of the ex-prisoner's reappearance. It goes without saying that the police were likewise on hand. In Germany they usually are. All the dialogue recited above was repeated without interference down to the last question; the great audience craned forward in eager and mirthful anticipation; the police took a firmer grip on their clubs, but to the pregnant query: "What is the motto of our present Emperor?" the chastened Thespian smiled idiotically, scratched his head, and finally succeeded in saying that he thought he had known the answer to that question three months before, but somehow, in the meantime, he had misplaced it. The roar of laughter that went up at this showed how well the audience knew what his former answer had been, and also how thoroughly the discomfiture of the police was appreciated. Thus were the authorities baffled of their prey, while actually, although not technically, William II. was advertised as a gadabout monarch.

No American whose relations with Germans have become confidential ever escapes the story of a fellow countryman's alleged encounter with the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. According to this more than twice-told tale, two citizens of the United States newly arrived in Berlin fell in with each other in the crowded Café Bauer, and very indiscreetly began a conversation on the merits and demerits of the reigning Hohenzollern. One of the gentlemen, whose views of majesty in general and of William's majesty in particular, were not of the most exalted kind, finally went so far as to remark that in his opinion the Kaiser was a d—— fool. Although the words were spoken in English, they were hardly out of his mouth before a policeman stepped up and placed him under arrest. "Wh—what," gasped the astounded American, "you don't mean to say that you arrest a man in this country for saying a little thing like that?" "Ohf gourse," responded the vigilant guardian of the law, "dot's *Majestätsbeleidigung*." There seemed nothing for it but to accompany brass buttons and spiked helmet to the station house pending an appeal to the Embassy. Suddenly an inspiration seized the offending American. "Oh,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

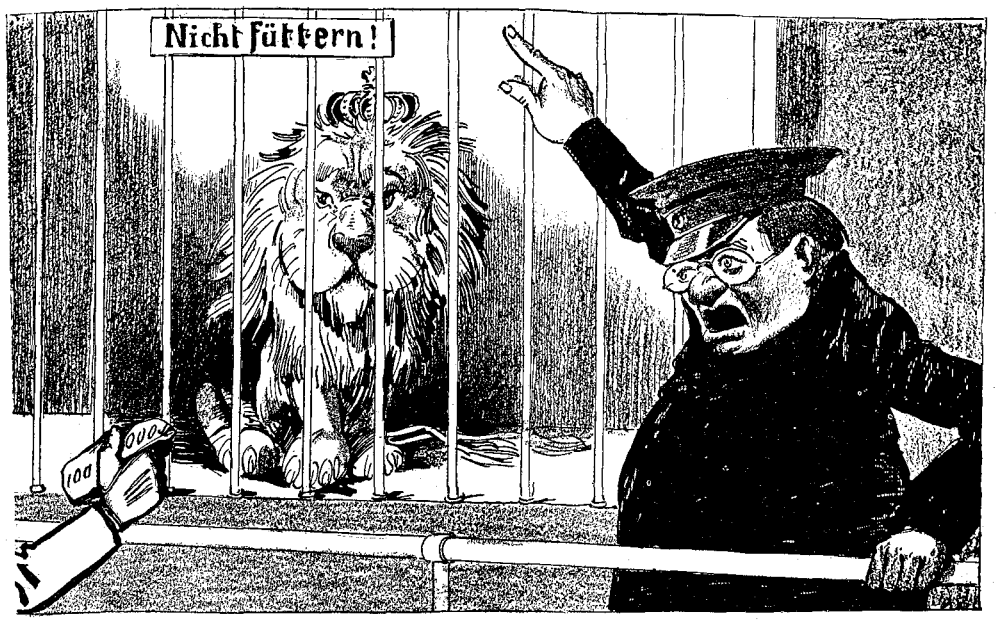
that's all right," he said airily, "I wasn't talking of your Emperor at all; I meant the Kaiser of Russia." For a moment it seemed that the ruse would succeed, but the policeman was not to be eluded so easily. "Nein, dot von't go," he said, with the emphasis of complete conviction, "dere vos only vun Kaiser dot vos a d—— fool!"

Altogether hundreds of such stories are in circulation in Germany. The narration of any one of them might be made the basis of a prosecution, yet only very seldom are they told in an insulting spirit. While, perhaps, no great harm is done by their constant repetition, it is evident that they do not tend to strengthen in the breasts of the people a proper respect for the crown and its august wearer. Of the great majority of such stories it must be said that they contain very little of the saving salt of humour, and were it not for their forbidden character would probably soon be forgotten. To this extent, then, the law of lèse majesté evidently defeats its own purpose.

### EVASIONS AND VIOLATIONS OF THE LAW BY THE PRESS OF GERMANY.

Far more serious than the offences of those who merely repeat disrespectful stories about the Kaiser are the constant evasions and violations of the law in the press and periodicals of Germany. Many political and journalistic opponents of the Emperor's policy are sufficiently embittered to be willing to make every effort in the way of insulting him. No doubt their determination to do so, at least so far as they deem it consistent with safety, is materially strengthened by the existence of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. To draw a cartoon so cleverly, or to hurl an epithet so deftly that every one knows at whom it is aimed, while at the same time no possible ground is left upon which the State's Attorney can begin proceedings, is a decided feather in the cap of the journal which accomplishes the

## Der bayerische Löwe!




**Da der pflichteifrige Wärter beschlossen hat, das Thier knapp zu halten, geräth er über einen unbefugten Fütterungsversuch in begreifliche Aufregung.**

THE BAVARIAN LION.

*Kladderadatsch's* Contribution to the Emperor's Bavarian telegram episode represents the Bavarian lion behind the bars of a cage. In defiance of the sign "Don t feed the animals," to which the Clerical keeper warningly points, a hand is seen offering 100,000 marks in bills to the royal beast. Prudential reasons explain the failure of the artist to present a full length portrait of the owner of the intruding hand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feat. Private gain, as well as the desire for political revenge, plays a part among the motives which impel men to violate or evade Section 95 of the Code. Certain comic papers especially are currently reputed to owe no small part of their circulation to the confident and seldom disappointed belief of their readers that each issue can be depended upon to come as near as possible to insulting the Kaiser without directly doing so. Some of the journalistic devices called forth by necessity in the guise of the law against lèse majesté are extremely ingenious, whatever one may think with regard to the veiled strictures they make upon the character or actions of the Emperor.

Probably no more brilliant achievement

Satan: Endlich weiß ich, was der Knoten bedeutet, den ich mir in den Schwanz gemacht habe: ich wollte ja den alten Fritz holen, denn „wer kein braver Christ ist, der ist kein braver Mann und auch kein braver preußischer Soldat und kann unter keinen Umständen das erfüllen, was in der preußischen Armee von einem Soldaten verlangt wird." Na, vielleicht gelingt es mir, bei einer Superrevision das Versäumte nachzuholen und die himmlischen Heerscharen von den schlechten Christen und schlechten Soldaten zu befreien.

NEWS FROM THE CAMP OF THE HEAVENLY HOSTS.

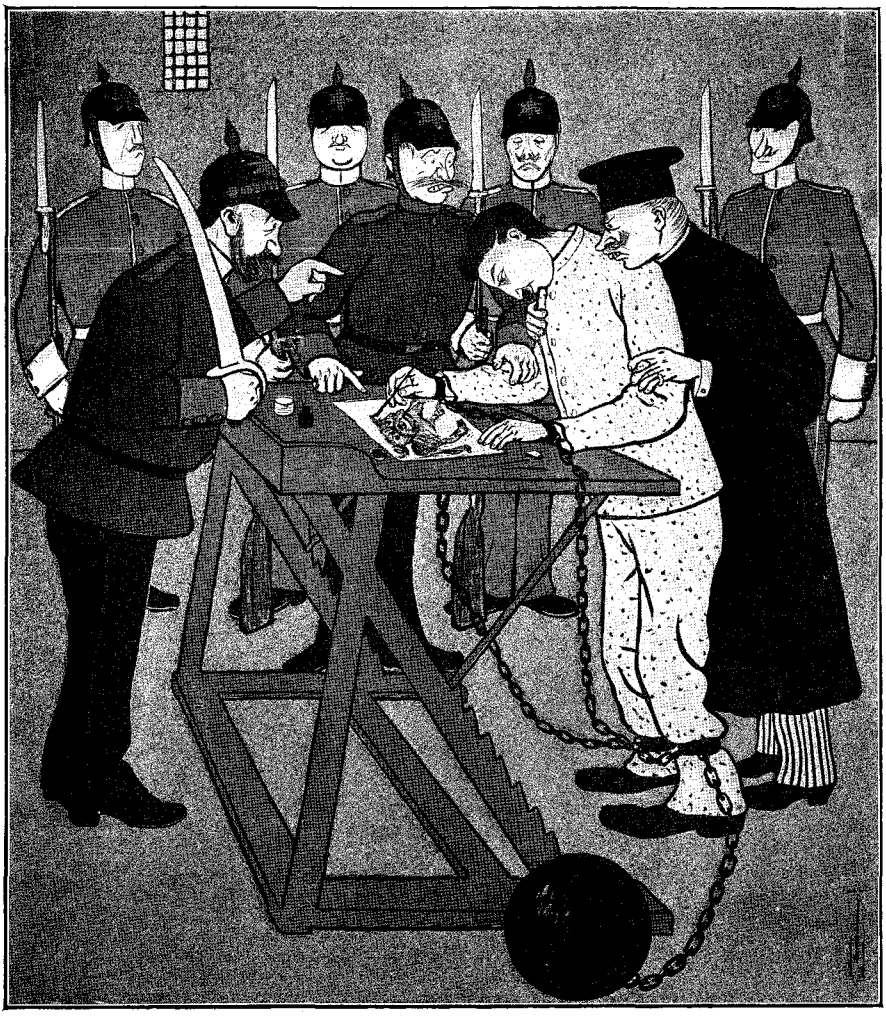
*Kladderadatsch's* Satirical Comment upon the Emperor's Announcement that no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. (See p. 366). This cartoon cost the editor of the offending paper three months in prison, and the confiscation of the issue containing it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was ever accomplished in this field than that of the Berlin *Post.* Commenting on the Kaiser's remarkable contributions to the recent *Babel und Bibel* controversy, the editor of that paper was moved to quote from Shakespeare's *Henry V.:*

"Hear him but reason in Divinity
And all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the King were made a prelate."

Imagine, if you please, the state of dreadful doubt into which the guardians of the King's majesty must have been thrown by this ambiguous text! On the one hand, they were at liberty to disregard the well-known political and religious proclivities of the *Post,* and take its quotation as a delicate compliment upon the monarch's ability in the rarefied atmosphere of the higher biblical criticism. On the other, it might be construed as the expression of a covert, but none the less fervent, wish that William II. should devote himself to pursuits which would keep him permanently out of political mischief. Unfortunately for the public prosecutor, however, he could hardly take the latter horn of the dilemma without exposure to the risk of being himself accused of interpreting in an insulting manner what outwardly bore the



HOW SHALL I MAKE MY NEXT DRAWING.

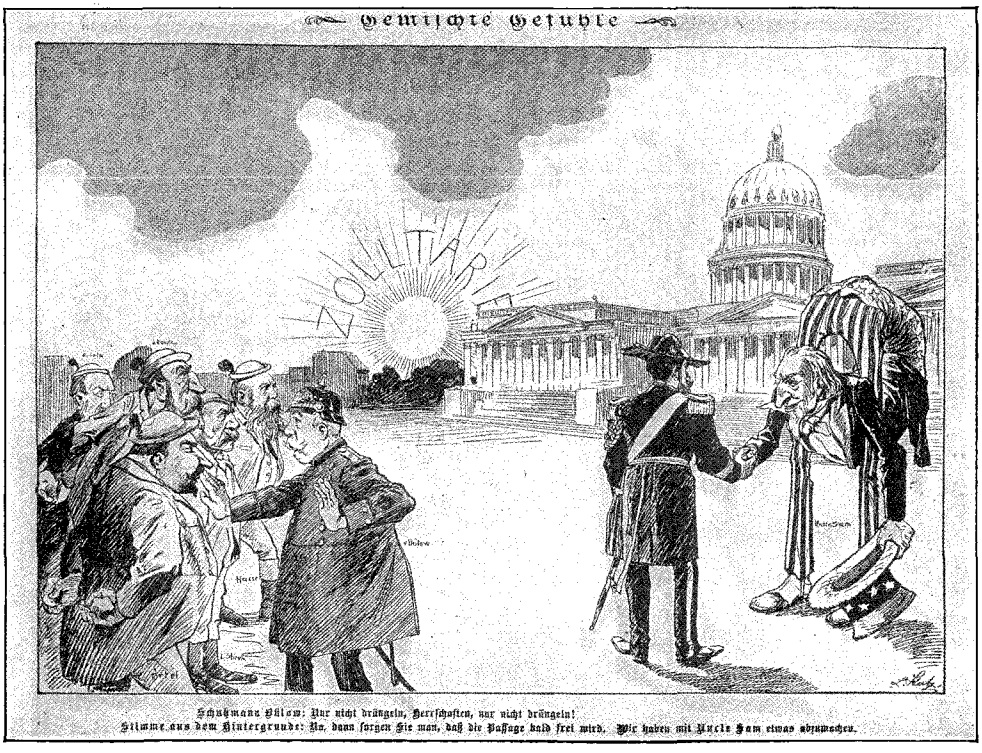
Artist Heine of *Simplicissimus*, at the time under arrest on the charge of Lese Majesty, portrays himself making his next drawing. Schiller's words, "Life is stern, but Art is joyous," accompany the sketch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

semblance of a charming and highly complimentary classical quotation bearing upon his majesty's theological gifts.

One might be tempted to pity the troubled lot of the political cartoonist in Germany consequent upon the limitations imposed by the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. Such sympathy would be sadly wasted, however, for nowhere is the art of caricature so abundantly pursued. The only apparent effect of the law is to increase the public demand for clever pictorial flings at royalty. Among innumerable cartoons of this character may be mentioned one representing a scene in an alcove of an art gallery. Two gentlemen are standing before the portrait of a stocky personage in a rich Dutch costume of the sixteenth century. "This," remarks one of them, "is a picture of William the Silent." "I didn't know William was ever silent," responds his companion.

Another cartoon which was much laughed at and discussed at the time of its appearance dealt with the Kaiser's absurd statement that no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. In the foreground of the picture is seen his Satanic majesty quizzically regarding a knot tied in his own tail. "Ah, now I remember why I tied that knot in my tail," he is saying. "It was to remind me to go after the old Fritz, since 'he who is not a good Christian is—not a good Prussian soldier, nor can he under any circumstances perform the duties demanded of a soldier in the Prussian army.'" The words of majesty thus quoted verbatim by the devil are being read with mirth and astonishment by Leonidas, Alexander, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great, whose shades appear outlined against the clouds in the background. Satan continues hopefully, "Now, perhaps I may succeed in securing a revision of St. Peter's judgment and thus be able to free the heavenly




MINGLED EMOTIONS.

Insults directed against other than reigning members of the royal house are also punishable. Prince Henry's reception in the United States as it appeared to *Kladderadatsch*, does not, therefore, represent the brother of the Emperor in such a way that he could be identified in court. The gentlemen to the left in the picture are anti-American members of the Reichstag, whom "Policeman" Buelow, the Imperial Chancellor, is striving to keep quiet during the royal visit. *Zolltarif*, the rising sun of protection, explains their desire to throw stones at Uncle Sam.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hosts from bad Christians and bad soldiers." Although the artist responsible for this masterpiece could easily have quoted almost any number of pagan or irreligious military heroes in addition to those portrayed in the cartoon, the argument was hastily dropped when the issue of the paper containing the "insult" was confiscated and its editor sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

It goes without saying that in the midst of the constantly repeated attempts of journalists and cartoonists to drive as near the edge of the precipice as possible, some of them, as in the last mentioned instance, occasionally topple over. According to the Press Law of Germany, every periodical is obliged to publish in each issue the name of some person as its responsible editor. In case anything contrary to law is then allowed to appear, the responsible editor is held liable for the offence. At first sight it might seem that this would afford the government so quick and secure a means of punishment that lèse majesté would rarely occur. It is asserted, however, that comic periodicals of the class that makes a business of insulting the Emperor regularly, utilize this very provision of the Press Law as a means of escaping punishment. Instead of publishing the name of the

On the occasion of the meeting between Emperor William and the Czar of Russia at Danzig in 1901, *Jugend* was bold enough to represent the Emperor introducing his six sons to Nicholas, who, it will be remembered, is yet without a male descendant. It is not by accident that, while the Czar is portrayed with his face to the reader, only the fiercely upturned edge of the mustache serves to indicate William as the proud father of the six sturdy boys.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

person really responsible for their management, they secure by means of liberal payments the use of the name of some utterly irresponsible party who is then gazetted as *Verantwortlicher Redakteur*. Of course, only a short time usually elapses before the paper is deprived by legal process of his valuable services, but substitutes of the same character are readily obtainable, and the paper goes merrily on. In view of this expedient, is it not time to modify somewhat our stereotyped conviction regarding the slowness and unprogressiveness of German journalism?

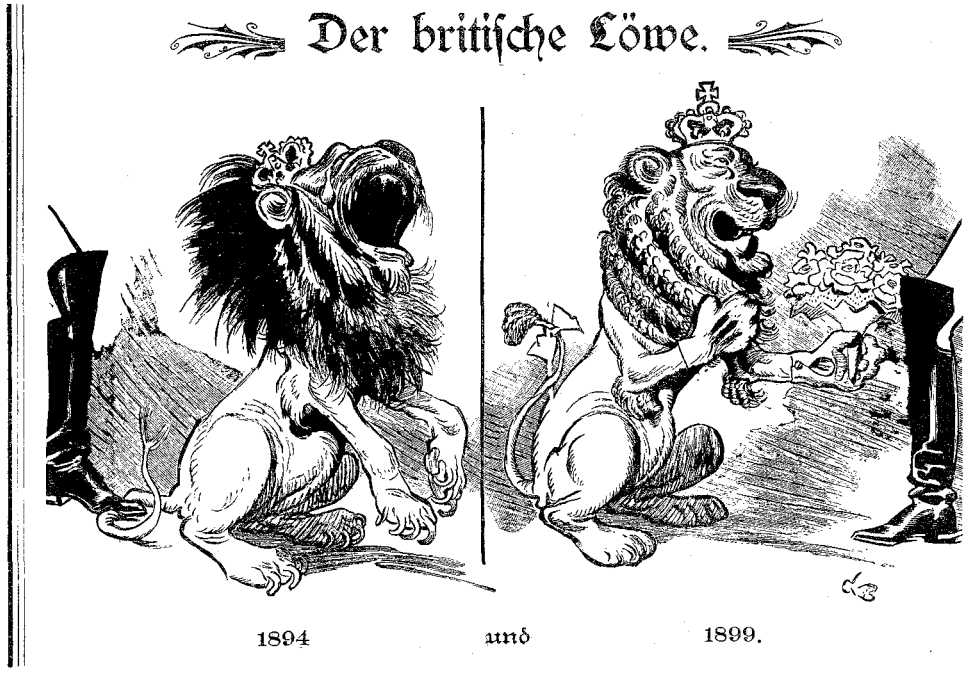
### ONE-SIDED WAR BETWEEN EMPEROR AND SOCIALISTS.

Such devices to escape punishment as have just been described are not commonly employed by the Social-democratic press of Germany. As a consequence, nearly every editor and many political leaders of that party have served one or

It is not Lese Majesty to ridicule the Lese Majesty law. *Kladderadatsch* takes advantage of this fact in a cartoon representing the Tower of Babel being constructed out of great bundles of Lese Majesty indictments. Up the steep ascent of the structure public prosecutors drag offending editors, burdened with the weight of the accusations against them, while Justice is being hanged at the side.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more terms in prison for lèse majesté or offences against the Press Law. To some extent, of course, this increases their prestige in the ranks of their comrades, and consequently they are not altogether losers by their martyrdom. The real motives of the Socialists go far deeper, however. It is something more than a conflict of social theories and social classes in which they are engaged. To the struggle between the present order and the future state of which the Social Democrats dream, there has been superadded a sharp personal conflict between the crowned and consecrated incarnation of the one and the democratic tribunes of the other. The determination of the present Emperor to rule personally, to be his own Chancellor as the saying goes, has greatly intensified the situation. One of the effects of this policy has been to widen the scope of the law against insult owing to the much larger number nowadays of imperial words and deeds upon which comment is dangerous. Under the circumstances, great personal bitterness would have been inevitable even if both parties had been far more conciliatory than they actually were and are. There can be no doubt that the length to which the Emperor has frequently gone in denouncing the Social Democrats has added oil to the flames of passion. The official reports of his speeches confess to such phrases as "Agitators devoid of Patriotism," "Enemies of the Empire and of their Fatherland," etc.; and if the testimony of many of his hearers is to be believed, the heat of oratory has often carried him much farther. The Socialists would be more than human if they remained quiet under such taunts, but if they dare to reply in terms disrespectful to the Emperor's person, they must pay the penalty. In so thoroughly one-sided a conflict it is impossible not to feel a very considerable measure of sympathy for the editors and party leaders who are sent to prison for an offence morally no worse than that which the Emperor himself commits against them. He reserves the right of throwing stones at the Social-




THE BRITISH LION.

Emperor William's truculent telegram to Oom Paul, in 1894, led to the publication in *Klatteradatsch* of the cartoon on the left. The reversal of his former policy in favor of England during the Boer war is caricatured on the right. Noteworthy in the two pictures is the fact that only the imperial boot is allowed to appear by the artist. To have gone further would have been to court the terrors of the Lese Majesty law.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists, but they may throw nothing harder than sponges at him.

### HOW WILLIAM II. WAS COMPARED WITH CALIGULA.

Humourists and Socialists are not the only thorns in the flesh of majesty, however. Among the many shafts that have been aimed at the German Emperor none can compare with the work of L. Quidde, a well-known German professor and historical writer. A little pamphlet which he published in 1894 under the title, *Caligula, a Study of Roman Imperial Madness,* has all the earmarks of a severely scientific bit of research. Footnotes, copious references to Suetonius, Dio Cassius, and other Roman historians, and the general arrangement of the text all contribute to make it appear nothing more than a learned historical monograph. The only flaw which makes it ring conspicuously false to the scholar's sense is the lack of critical discrimination shown in following some of the wilder stories of the Roman chroniclers. This, however, only heightens the colour of the picture, and enables the writer to bring out more sharply the many superficial similarities between the lives of Caligula and William II. Not that he does so except by implication; for there is not a word in the whole monograph referring directly to the present ruler of Germany. Nevertheless the briefest summary of Quidde's work will suffice to show how irresistibly the minds of all its readers were compelled to complete the parallel of which he drew only one side.

The underlying theory illustrated in this ostensible life of Caligula is that weak-minded princes are liable to a peculiar form of insanity resulting from, and expressing itself in, the excesses which a knowledge of their power and the slavish adulation of their entourage lead them to commit. It is pointed out that Germanicus, the father of Caligula, was dearly beloved by the Roman people who expected freer and happier days from him. Germanicus, however, was not in favour with the old Emperor Tiberius, whose interest centred more in Caligula. The latter came to the throne while still very young, and as soon as he felt himself secure in his power began to dismiss the leading statesmen of the Empire, notably General Macro. As a consequence of his ungrateful treatment of this faithful old servant he lost a large part of his popularity. Although with this exception his reign began fairly well, before long Caligula showed that he was possessed of a feverish desire to make himself conspicuous, he rushed impatiently from one undertaking to another, and attempted everything. Fully imbued with the notion of his divine right, he indulged in extravagance and unheard-of pomp; he built for himself magnificent yachts, planned gigantic public monuments and extensive canals, evinced a passionate fondness for army manœuvres, and spoke in public on every possible occasion. Numerous details are employed to fill in this picture of Caligula's character, and the monograph concludes with an account of the multiplying evidences of the Emperor's later insanity,—the delusion that he was a god, his delight in fiendish cruelties, and the sickening excesses of vice to which he devoted himself without restraint.

Substitute in the above outline for Caligula, William II.; for Macro, Bismarck; for Tiberius, William I.; for Germanicus, Frederick III.; for the Roman, the German Empire; and observe how far the parallel seems to hold. That is precisely what millions of German readers of this remarkable monograph did; nor can there be any doubt that the minds of many of them were poisoned by its misleading implications. So far is one carried along with the current of superficial suggestion that it is difficult even for the critical reader to fix the exact points at which the similarity in the lives of the two men ends. Yet there can be not the slightest doubt that to attribute to William II. any of the extreme vices, or even the entire list of the lesser faults of Caligula, is to do that monarch the gravest injustice.

In spite of the profound and unquestionably pernicious influence which Quidde's monograph exerted, the State was powerless to take action. He had written about Caligula, not about the reigning Emperor. To assume that he meant to describe William II. would be lèse majesté in itself, and so the hands of the public prosecutor were tied. Some newspaper editors were punished, it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

true, for hinting that the account given by Quidde was as applicable to the living German as to the long dead Roman Emperor, but this served only to advertise the work further. A number of ill-advised replies to it had the same effect, although there can be no doubt that the author of *Caligula* has been made to wince more than once by the outspoken condemnation of his professional brethren. In such an emergency, the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law itself was worse than useless. It could not remedy the harm done, it could not punish, while in so far as its existence had created a craving for the literature of insult it was indirectly responsible for the wide attention which the *Caligula* received. There was nothing left for the judicious but to grieve, and perhaps to hope that even such severe and exaggerated criticism as that of Quidde might have its uses in tempering the youthful impetuosity of the Emperor.

PROSTITUTION OF THE LAW OF LÈSE MAJESTÉ TO SERVE PRIVATE ENDS.

Generally unsatisfactory as is the operation of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law in political and journalistic cases, a much worse development occurs in its frequent prostitution to serve private ends. Some of the instances of this sort go far towards destroying one's faith in human nature. Examples have already been quoted of the numerous, yet on the whole innocent, witticisms regarding the Emperor which are current everywhere in Germany. The circulation of these stories affords ample opportunity to the depraved characters who for motives of revenge or profit are willing to play the part of informers. In this they are aided by one of the fundamental principles of German law which makes it obligatory upon State's attorneys to prosecute any criminal case brought to their notice. Not infrequently government officials themselves are filled with disgust at the evident motives of the tale-bearers who come before them, but they are, of course, obliged to begin proceedings without regard to their private feelings in the matter. One case, at least, is on record where a prosecuting attorney was compelled to act by an anonymous complaint published as an advertisement in a newspaper and instigated, as every one knew, by a business rival of the man accused therein. Not infrequently discharged servants seek to even matters with their former employers by denouncing them for some imprudent utterance regarding royalty. Readers of German newspapers have long since become familiar with such actual instances as the following:

"In the Criminal Court at X——, Frau E—— H——, of L——, was yesterday sentenced to three months' imprisonment for lese majesty. She was accused on the basis of a remark made in her own home during the Emperor's recent journey to the Holy Land. The conversation had turned to the alleged attempt upon the Emperor's life at Alexandria, and while she was reading the newspaper account of it some insulting utterance escaped her lips. Shortly thereafter she had occasion to discharge a sixteen-year-old stableboy named B——, who promptly informed against her. As the insulting words had also been overheard by the servant girl, T——, the court pronounced Frau H—— guilty, and she was sentenced to prison for the term stated above."

What had the poor woman said? Probably nothing worse than that ancient joke comparing the three Emperors of Germany as *ein greiser Kaiser* (William I.), *ein weiser Kaiser* (Frederick II.), *und ein reiser Kaiser* (William II.); or to translate, which unfortunately destroys the jingle, an aged Emperor, a wise Emperor, and a gadabout Emperor. Yet for probably no more harmful an indiscretion than this the culprit, a respectable woman and the mother of a family, was sent to prison for three months!

According to the German statute of limitations, insults directed against private persons are barred after two years, whereas insults affecting sovereigns may be made the basis of prosecution at any time within five years. One of the consequences of this longer term in the case of lèse majesté is that blackmailer-informers are enabled to extort a living to much better advantage. Also, if the postponement of revenge makes revenge more sweet, in this particular the law leaves little to be desired. Five years is a long time, quite long enough to witness the transformation to vinegar of much of the wine of friendship. Incredible as it may seem, no inconsiderable proportions of the denunciations on account of lèse majesté are made by persons seeking revenge against former friends. There is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

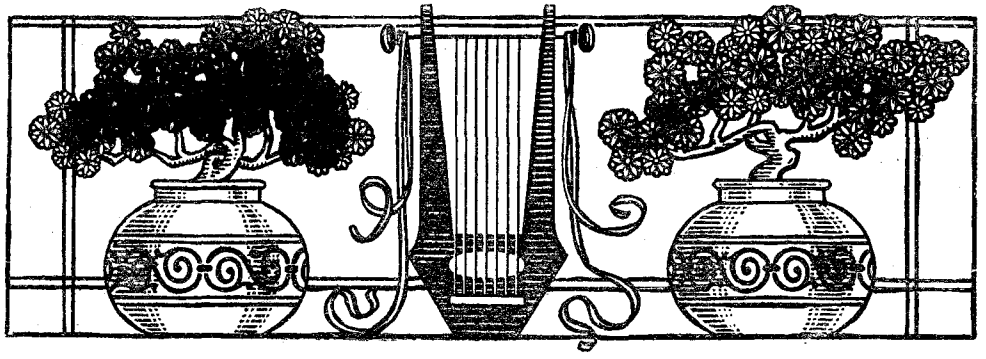
one case of this sort on record where the accusation was postponed till the last day of the time allowed: for five years did this noble patriot bear in his bosom the rankling memory of the insult to his sovereign, for five years was his tender conscience torn with conflicting ideas of duty, but in the end loyalty to the monarch prevailed, and as a consequence his former friend was sentenced to some months' confinement in a fortress.

In the light of such happenings it is, of course, highly imprudent for any one to relate even the most innocent anecdote regarding the Emperor while on German soil. This applies to Americans travelling abroad as much as to any one else. So far as is known to the writer, no citizen of the United States has yet been convicted and imprisoned for lèse majesté, but one instance of an arrest for a rather aggravated offence is recalled in which the culprit only got off after proving that he was hopelessly intoxicated at the time the insulting utterances were made. Probably even this would not have saved him had not the American Embassy interfered in his behalf.

### REFORM PROPOSITIONS.

It is hard to believe that a monarch so enlightened as William II. can view with complacency all the practical workings of the lèse majesté law. That he does so, however, would seem to be a fair inference from the fact that since his accession to the throne the pardoning power has never been used to the benefit of any person convicted of this offence. Moreover with the Emperor's growing fear of revolution the tendency is decidedly toward the multiplication of prosecutions and the lengthening of sentences. Against this tendency is arrayed not only the radical, but also the whole liberal sentiment of the nation. The Social Democrats naturally demand the abolition of the law *in toto*. Their less advanced liberal friends would be satisfied with amendments shutting out minor cases of insult, and particularly those resting upon the contemptible foundation of business rivalry or private spite. It has frequently been proposed that all denunciations should be submitted to the Minister of Justice, who could then order suits to be brought whenever in his opinion the magnitude of the offence warranted such action. This would enable the State to pursue intentional offenders as before, while petty cases could be passed over in silence. Yet even this modest measure of reform has not found favour with the ruling element, probably because it is feared that the exercise of such discretion by the Minister of Justice might be made the basis of parliamentary interpellations and criticisms. Considering the general inefficiency and harmfulness of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law, the positive impulse which it gives to the circulation of irreverent stories; its egregious failure to prevent such monstrous, yet concealed, libels as the *Caligula;* the political bitterness which it has instigated; and the awful harvest of denunciation and hate ripening among the masses of the people under its influence;—considering all these evils in the State, it is indeed a sign of the times that some measure of relief has not yet been worked out by William II. and the allied princes of the German Empire.

*Robert C. Brooks.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE NAVY, THE PRESIDENT AND THE SECRETARY.

SOME thirty years ago, an American fleet was assembled off the coast of Florida. Not long before, a Spanish man of war, the *Tornado,* had captured on the high seas a steamer, the *Virginius,* flying the American flag, navigated by an American captain, and manned by a crew partly made up of American sailors. The *Tornado* took her prize into the harbour of Santiago. There a drum-head court martial was convened. The captain of the *Virginius* and fifty-six of his crew, were shot down by Spanish soldiers in the prison court-yard. President Grant cabled an emphatic protest to Madrid and received the haughty answer that Spain would decide this matter in the way that best befitted her national dignity. The American government sent despatches, the wording of which hinted at immediate war. The American Minister to Spain was ordered to deliver an ultimatum and to demand his passports if a satisfactory answer were not given upon a fixed date. Spain remained stubborn, yet the American Minister still stayed on. Not until six weeks had elapsed was an arrangement reached by which the *Virginius* was given up and Spain made a half equivocal disclaimer of any wish to offer an indignity to the American flag.

But it was the United States that had in reality backed down. And why? Simply because our coasts were without protection and because our navy did not possess a single ship able to meet the attack of any one of the Spanish armoured vessels. Yet, after the incident closed, our government ordered a naval demonstration to be made in Southern waters, partly because it felt that something should be done to allay popular dissatisfaction, and partly for the sake of finding out just what sort of a navy we possessed. But if the affair of the *Virginius* had been humiliating, this naval demonstration was almost more so. Such a collection of antiquated hulks had probably never been assembled by a first-rate power. Here were all the rotten old tubs which our naval officers had blushed to navigate in European waters—wooden ships that had been disrated even during the Civil War, rusty iron ships that suggested nothing but the junk-yard, patched-up vessels upon whose repairs Grant's notorious Secretary, Robeson, had squandered sums sufficient to have created a splendid fighting fleet. The whole motley conglomeration could have been knocked to pieces in an hour by such a vessel as the Spanish *Arapiles,* and that at a range which could have made the old smooth-bores of the American fleet absolutely powerless to reply.

It was, perhaps, from the time of this humiliating exhibition that the true birth of the new American navy is to be dated; for it soon became impressed upon the American people that not merely a second-rate power like Spain, but even a third-rate power like Chile or Peru, would, in case of war, have all our seaports at the mercy of its guns. And so, just twenty-three years after the capture of the *Virginius,* the new American navy shattered the naval strength of Spain and sent a thrill of patriotic pride through all our countrymen.

It is the results of these twenty-three years of naval creation, which ex-Secretary Long describes in his very interesting book, *The New American Navy,* with a more particularly detailed account of just what that navy achieved in the war with Spain. It is a story of which we may all be proud; because each of the two great political parties has done its share toward the construction of a fleet that fitly represents the power of the American Republic. President Arthur and President Cleveland, Secretary Whitney and Secretary Tracy, Republicans and Democrats, all share the honour of what has been so magnificently accomplished. Not the least attractive feature of this book by Mr. Long is the account which he has given of the navy's *personnel.* In doing this, however, he has, as everybody is aware, inadvertently but irretrievably committed the awful crime of *Majes-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*tätsbeleidigung*. We prefer the German term because its ponderosity is more likely to impress irreverent and frivolous minds with the enormity of Mr. Long's offense. When Mr. Long was Secretary of the Navy, he had as one of his assistant secretaries, the Personage who, at the present time is sitting in the White House and feverishly figuring out the next electoral vote. Mr. Long always liked the Personage, but somehow he never took him quite so seriously as does Mr. Jacob Riis, for instance. At times he even found the Personage amusing, and probably smiled a little to himself as he wrote the following passage:

"Mr. Roosevelt was an interesting personality as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as indeed he is in any capacity. There were several candidates for the place which President McKinley allowed me to fill. I selected Mr. Roosevelt who had had, and, indeed, has had to this day, a hearty interest in the Navy. His activity was characteristic. He was zealous in the work of putting the Navy in condition for the apprehended struggle. His ardour sometimes went faster than the President or the Department approved. . . . He worked indefatigably, frequently incorporating his views in memoranda which he would place every morning on my desk. Most of his suggestions had, however, so far as applicable, been already adopted by the various bureaus, the chiefs of which were straining every nerve and leaving nothing not done. . . . He was heart and soul in his work. His typewriters had no rest."

No one at first sight would suppose that this innocent paragraph was fraught with something verging upon treason. It gives, with a few inimitable touches, the whole Roosevelt kinetoscope. We can see the Young Man in multifarious motion,—inventing, expounding, dictating, declaiming, haranguing. He makes every day wonderful discoveries in the art of naval warfare, and proudly describes them in memoranda which he places on his chief's big desk. These "discoveries," to be sure, were, one and all, "so far as applicable," known to naval officers before the Young Man was born. But that made no difference. He went on intrepidly, never weary, always fresh. "His typewriters had no rest." It is a beautiful *genre* picture of an impetuous landsman trying to become a naval expert in a hurry and by sheer boisterousness. Mr. Long has sketched it in with infinite delicacy and discretion. Yet he was playing with a stick of dynamite. No sooner had his book been read by those whose sacred privilege it is to be very near the Personage, than there went forth from the Navy Department a wingèd order forbidding those two volumes to be placed in the ship's library of any American vessel of war. Thus swiftly do the gods smite; and therefore, we have here the curious anomaly of an admirably patriotic book written by one who was not long ago a Secretary of the Navy, yet still a book which no sailor in the American naval service is (officially) allowed to read. Mr. F. F. Leupp declares that the President has a sense of humour; but like that sense in many others, it atrophies and shrivels when it touches any subject relating to Himself. We fancy, however, that ex-Secretary Long still smiles urbanely with a quiet satisfaction, as does one who has watched and been amused by the strivings of a rampant urchin.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE AMERICAN COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

THREE distinct points of view with reference to the College Commencement season, now upon us, are presented in these three more or less well-known passages:

"He considered it undignified to throw open the University to a rabble of women, to invite them to 'kick up their heels' in Memorial Hall and see them described in the evening papers as 'Harvard's Fair Invaders,'" says Charles Macomb Flandrau, in his "Class Day Idyll," one of the "Harvard Episodes," of Beverly Beverly, who may be called the victim of the Idyll.

"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!"

wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harvard '29, for his class, thirty years after graduation; and thirty years later still:

"We come with feeble steps and slow,
A little band of four or five,
Left from the wrecks of long ago,
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

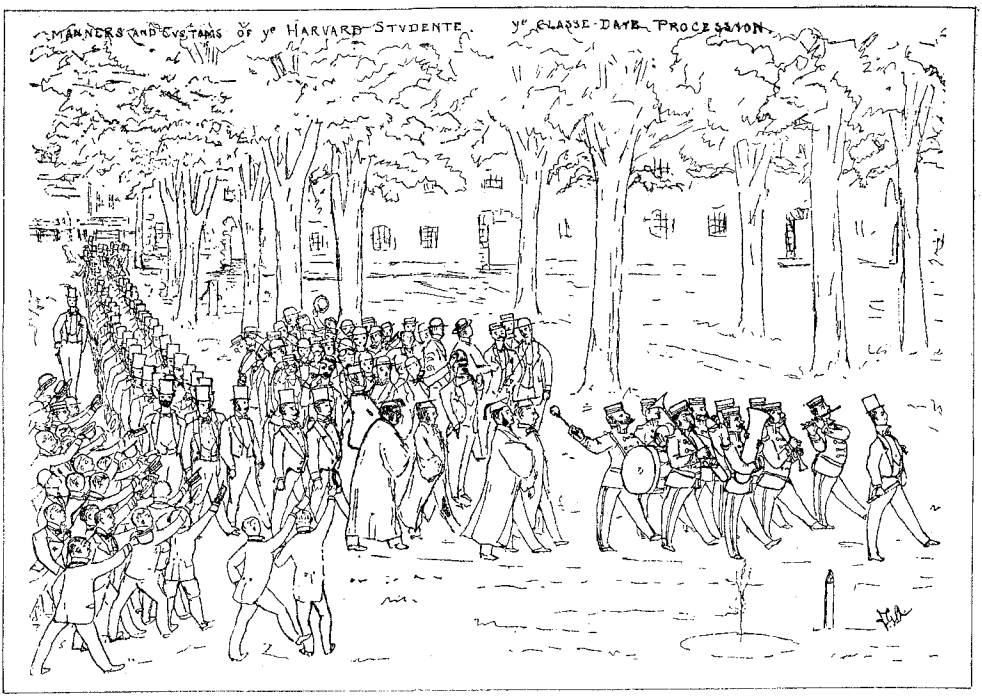
Alive! How living, too, are they
Whose memories it is ours to share!
Spread the long table's full array,—
There sits a ghost in every chair!"

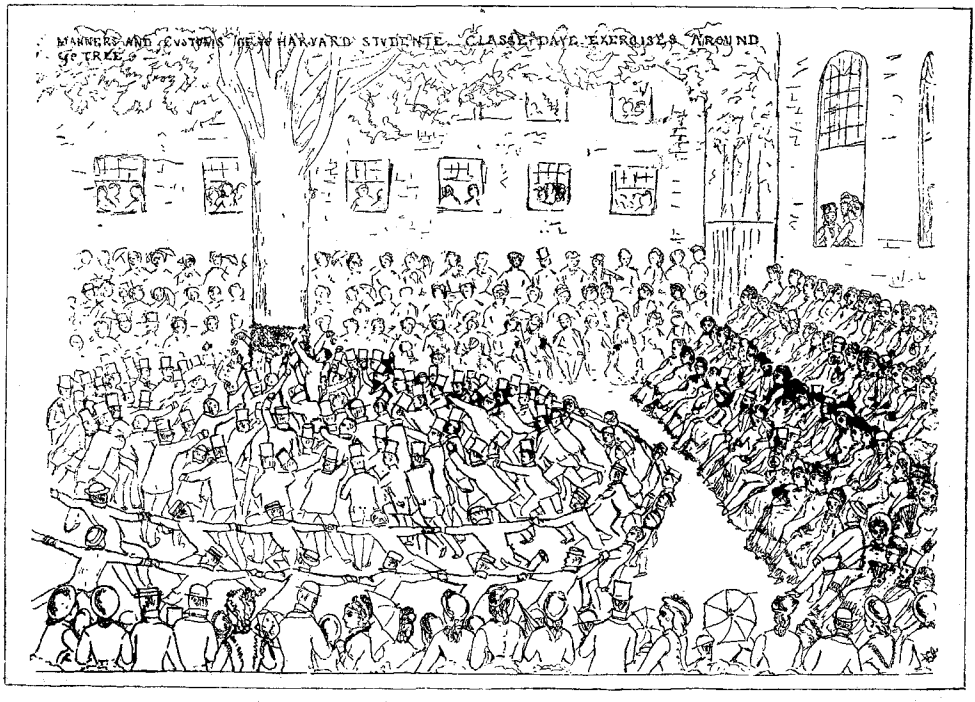
Each of these view points is typical, though the enthusiastic undergraduate's point of view is unrepresented. What the enthusiastic undergraduate thinks is well known.

Commencements are on a large scale now, as nearly everything else is at the big universities. Simplicity, whether or not it ought to be, is no longer the rule. The recent erection by a Yale society of a marble hall to meet in, a hall which cost many thousand dollars, and which has neither windows nor skylight, but is lighted by a refraction apparatus from outside through the cellar, is typical of the present spirit at the larger institutions. Another, and a somewhat similar, modern tendency is to eliminate the literary factor at Commencements. The newly made graduates no longer gravely discuss "the influence of scepticism upon human happiness," as did Theodore Dwight Woolsey, valedictorian of the Class of 1820 at Yale, who later was Yale's president; nor the question "ought emulation to be encouraged," on which there was a "disputation," at the 1817 Yale commencement. Nor are "Forensick Disputes," on "the Question, Whether the Profession of Law ought to be abolished," so customary as they were once. Class Day exercises, with orations and poems, of chief interest to the students themselves, are often ambitious still, and at the planting of the class tree or the class ivy once in a while,—once in a great while,—something good is heard, but the gathering is after all one chiefly of pomp and pride. What is humourous in the exercises receives most attention, and best remembered, perhaps, of all that happened at a recent Harvard Class Day were the words of one of the speakers, Dr. Eliot being seated near by: "Whether you earn your living, or become the president of a great university—"

A change in the Yale Class Day exercises, due chiefly to the large size of the classes, is the abolishment by this year's senior class in the Academic Department of the individual class histories, brief sketches of each new graduate, his fellows holding him aloft while his biography, seldom entirely flattering, was read to the crowd. These, of course, took an extremely long time. A humourous class history is to be substituted. Another radical change in the Yale Commencement is the abolishment by the Faculty of the valedictorian honours. This is to take effect after the coming Commencement. The reasons for it are said to be the feeling that the award could not well be made with absolute fairness under an elective system and that the personal rivalry ought in any case to be removed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

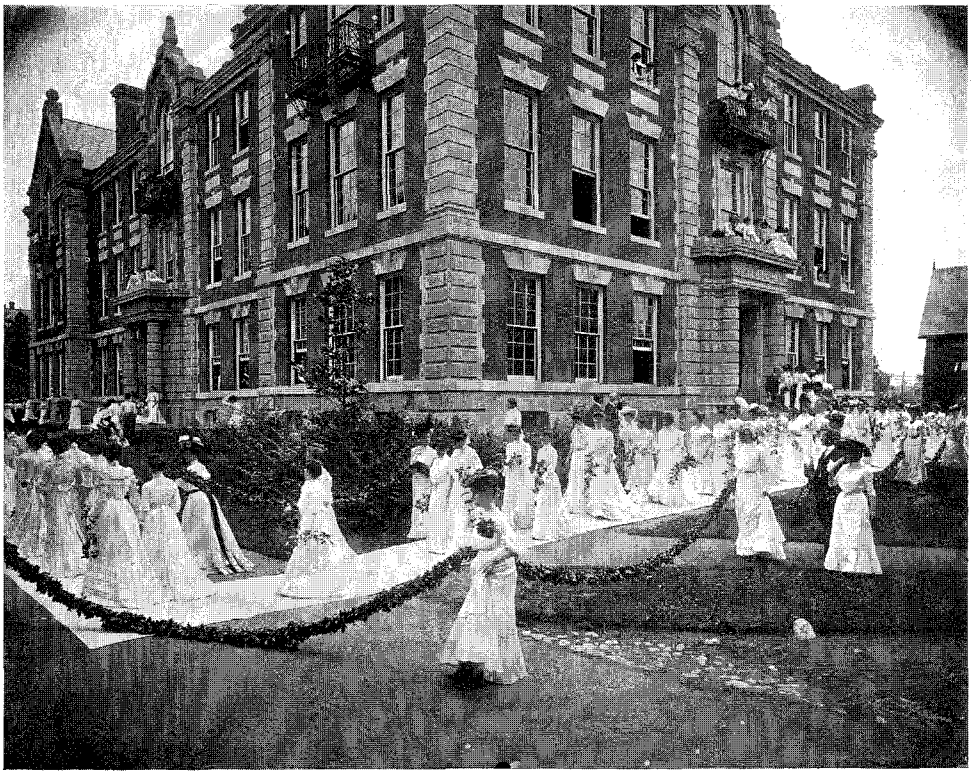



HARVARD COMMENCEMENT SKETCHES OF THE LAST GENERATION.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DAISY CHAIN AT VASSAR.



THE IVY CHAIN AT SMITH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has long been a custom to invite men of prominence to the college commencements. At the Princeton Commencement in the fall of 1783, the Federal Congress, several foreign ambassadors and General Washington and his staff were present, and the valedictory ended with an address to the General. The graduating class that year numbered fourteen. In 1877 considerable newspaper discussion and even some bitterness at New Haven arose from the presence at the Harvard Commencement, and not at Yale's, of William M. Evarts, one of the best-loved of Yale's favourite sons, with President Hayes and others of his cabinet. Evarts had "gone back on the old gal," said the Yale men. That the advantages of the presence at Commencement of prominent men are felt to-day at every institution, and often called with engaging frankness "a good ad," is plain enough to see, and is easily enough traced to its source,—the fact that the large American universities are like the country, big, ambitious to be bigger, or at any rate richer, and practical.

Cornell gives no honourary degrees. The policy has long been a settled one. Until the Commencement of 1902 members of the faculty did not wear their academic caps and gowns. Now, despite strong opposition, especially from those members of the Faculty who are Cornell graduates and used to more or less simplicity, the custom of appearing at Commencement in these costumes is being introduced. One professor, a Yale graduate, especially urges that Cornell abandon her policy of not giving honourary degrees. He is a warm advocate too of President Schuman's endeavours to have the Faculty appear in academic costume.

Whether or not honourary degrees should be granted has long been discussed, of course, and warmly. Ebenezer Baldwin, in his *Annals of Yale* (1838), called the practice "low and contemptible obsequiousness." In 1886, at the Oxford Commemoration in England, the word Commemoration being the Oxford equivalent of the American Commencement, General Pitt-Rivers, admittedly a scholar, received the D.C.L. He had just given the University a collection of

A RECENT HOUSE-PARTY AT THE ZETA PSI FRATERNITY HOUSE, WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

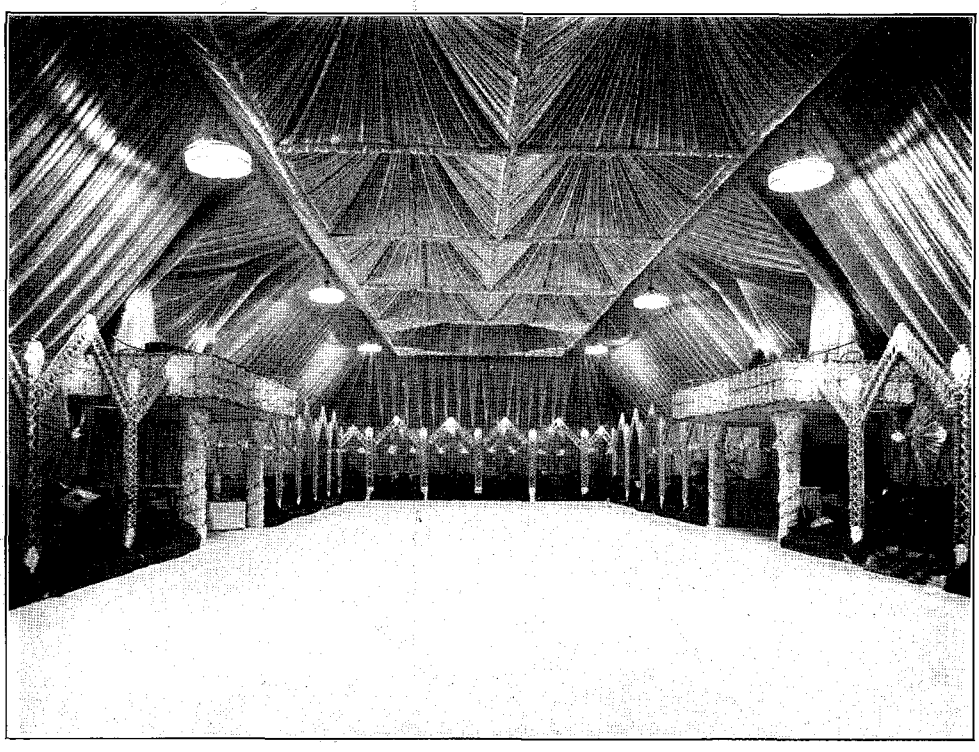
primitive relics. When the words *causa honoris* were pronounced in the bestowal of the degree the students cried out "*non causa.*"

At the time the distinction, which is a somewhat nice one, though often heard in similar circumstances, was made that the gift was not the reason for giving the degree, but the occasion. Would it not be better, many ask, for universities to bestow their degrees a few years before or a few years after gifts have been made, or a few years before or a few years after an executive's term of office? The colleges' answer, however, is to-day a negative.

At this same "Commem.," the D.C.L. was given to Oliver Wendell Holmes. When he received it the students greeted him with: "Did he come up in the one-hoss shay?" This practice of "horsing," as American students would say, distinguished recipients of degrees, often reaches, in England, the offensive.

American commencements are on a large scale to-day, and consequently expensive. Expensive and elaborate is the other great season of festivities also that is found at many colleges, called the "Junior Prom" or "Junior Week," or "House Party Week," the season at which one or more big dances are the chief attractions. Junior Week at Cornell last January cost the community approximately $15,000, said *The Cornell Alumni News,* including from $2,700 to $2,800 for carriages. The receipts from the "Junior Prom," the biggest of the dances, were $3,900. At Yale last February the "Junior Prom," one dance alone, cost $6,103.67, $1,700 of that sum being paid for supper. The gross receipts were $7,232. As the author of a college "Mister Dooley" letter once expressed it, writing to a father: "Please sind me th' money f'r these few bills, which the same was spint f'r sochel enthertainm'nts required in th' colledge coorse."

The Commencement season is proverbially a season for love-making. On the other hand, your Commencement girl may upset your plans and become engaged to your roommate and not to you. *The Harvard Lampoon* said of a football



UNIVERSITY ARMORY, ITHACA, N. Y., DECORATED FOR CORNELL, JUNIOR, PROM.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

game what is often true of Commencement:

"She madly adores
The football man,
Sublimely ignores
Me.
I, of the midiron,
'Also ran'—
King of the gridiron
He.

A mere undergrad.,
I stand no show
'Gainst him of the pad
And cleat.
Still by my side
She sits, you know,
For I provide
Her seat."

American Commencements have many other features in common. Class Day is nearly always observed. A special time is generally designated for alumni reunions. Fraternity or society gatherings, often formal, are held. At Commencement proper, well-known men speak.

Class Day exercises customarily include a poem, an essay, an oration at the planting of a class ivy or tree, and a class history or prophecy, or both, usually humourous. Often the class makes a circle of the campus, cheering each building, most of the Class Day observances being out of door ones. There are often boat rides and similar summer diversions, even such as *The Princeton Tiger* here speaks of:

"The boy sat on the moonlit deck,
His head was in a whirl;
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
And his arms were full of girl."

Harvard's Class Day comes on a Friday, a baseball game with Yale often being played the day before. Class Day exercises are held in Sanders Theatre in the morning and in the afternoon come the exercises at the John Harvard statue, including the wild scramble of the Seniors at their close for the flowers that are festooned about the statue. In the evening President and Mrs. Eliot are at home to the Seniors and their friends and there are illuminations and music in the Yard, dancing in Memorial Hall, and various spreads. Wednesday is Commencement Day, when over 1000 degrees are conferred in Sanders Theatre, whose capacity is far less than that. An interesting reminder of past Commencement customs was the presentation by Ex-Mayor Samuel A. Green of Boston, a few years ago, to the Museum of Fine Arts of that city of a pair of satin breeches worn at Commencement by a Green of the Class of 1749 and a coat of elaborately brocaded black satin worn by a Green of 1784.

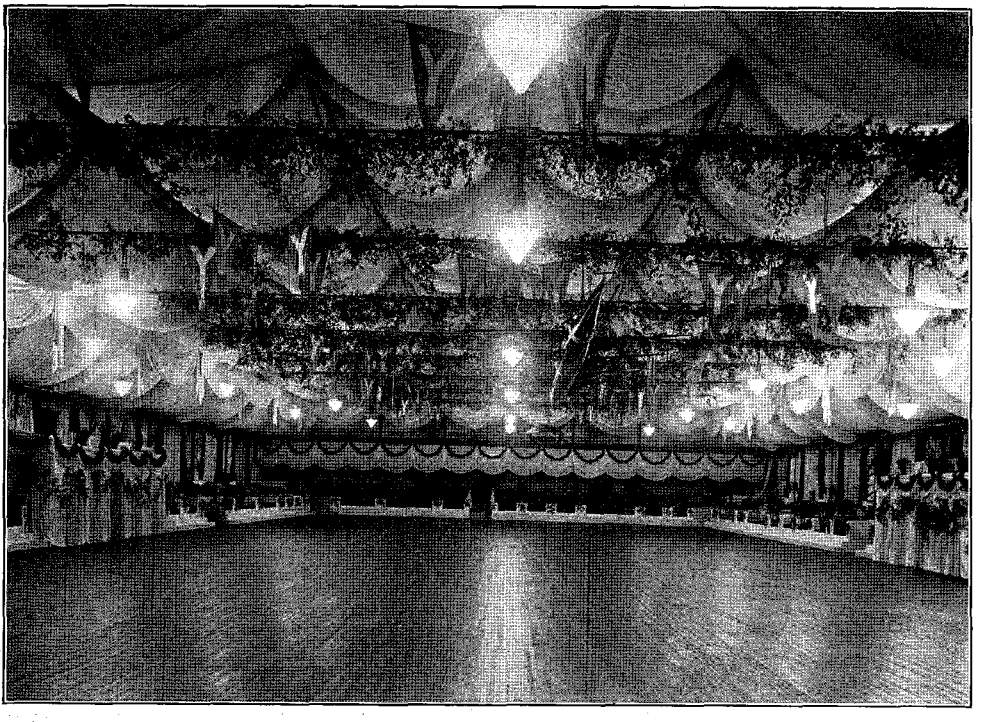
At the University of Pennsylvania many graduates are present at Commencement, and an especially distinctive feature is found in the "class camp fires," the reunions held by classes in big rooms in the dormitories, which on Alumni Day the undergraduates give over for the purpose.

At Princeton an exceptionally large proportion of the Alumni return for Commencement. A particularly successful custom there is for each class that is holding a reunion to rent a house for the week. Good spirits meet and good spirits flow and such men as can, sleep. The Alumni visit each others' reunion houses, and are sure to take part in the processions to the annual baseball game with Yale and to the Commencement proper.

Yale, too, draws many graduates back for Commencement, especially at the Class reunions. At the Bicentennial in 1901, five thousand Yale graduates, over half the living Yale men, were present. At Cornell's Commencement Week the great natural beauties of the University's site overlooking Cayuga Lake are at their best. Many guests are present and the fraternity houses and boarding houses are taxed to their full capacity. Class Day comes on a Tuesday, the Senior Ball being held in the evening; Wednesday is Alumni Day, when many Class luncheons and dinners are held; and Thursday is Commencement Day. At Columbia, the University being in New York City, an especially large attendance of Alumni usually is obtained. Luncheons, "kneipes," and other reunions of graduates are notable. New York University, too, has many graduates at Commencement.

At Brown, on the afternoon of Class Day, the fraternities give teas, and in the evening spreads, or dances, the whole campus being illuminated. At midnight all these affairs are over, and the Senior Class, accompanied by the other under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE SECOND REGIMENT ARMORY, AT NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, AS DECORATED FOR A YALE "JUNIOR PROM."

YALE CLASS DAY SCENE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

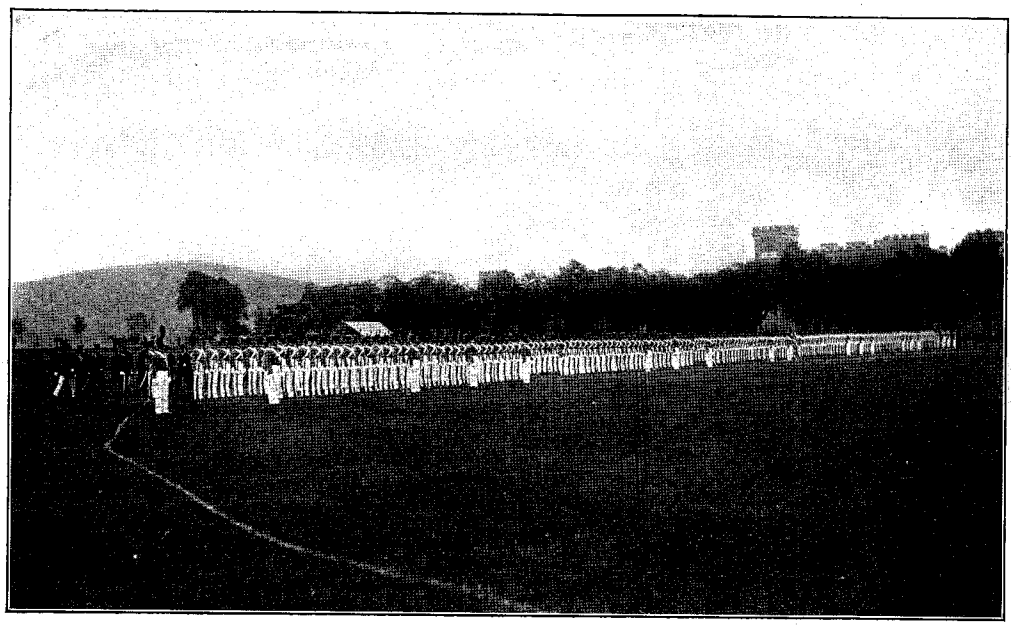
graduates, marches down the college hill to the Senior Class banquet, the whole procession carrying roman candles. As the Seniors go into their banquet hall they must run the gauntlet of the other undergraduates, each with the stick of a roman candle in hand. Old scores are often paid off at this time,—the last chance,—with a vengeance. After their banquet, which usually lasts till 4 A.M., the Seniors march up the hill again and play a baseball game. A distinctive Class Day feature at the University of Rochester is the attempt by the Juniors who are present to make the proceedings ridiculous. Each class graduated there has planted a tree at Commencement, with a marble post next to it bearing the class numerals, and Class reunions are held under these class trees. An old Rochester custom, now discontinued, was to have a "bone orator" at Commencement. He was a Senior and his duty was to hand down to the Junior Class a human skeleton. After the skeleton was out of his hands there was a rush for it, chiefly by the fraternity men among the Juniors, who sought as many of the bones as possible for their chapter houses. The following year a search for the bones would be made and the skeleton reconstructed for the next Commencement ceremony.

At the West Point and Annapolis Commencements the military and naval drills and other exercises are prominent.

The University of Vermont has an unusually elaborate Commencement Week programme, the exercises lasting from Sunday to Friday, inclusive. Tuesday begins with a Phi Beta Kappa meeting at 9 A.M. and ends with fraternity banquets that begin at 10 A.M. The Senior Promenade occurs the previous evening. At Columbian University Commencement for the departments of Medicine and Dentistry comes on Monday evening; for the Departments of Law, Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, on Tuesday evening; and on Wednesday evening for the Department of Arts and Sciences. As many as

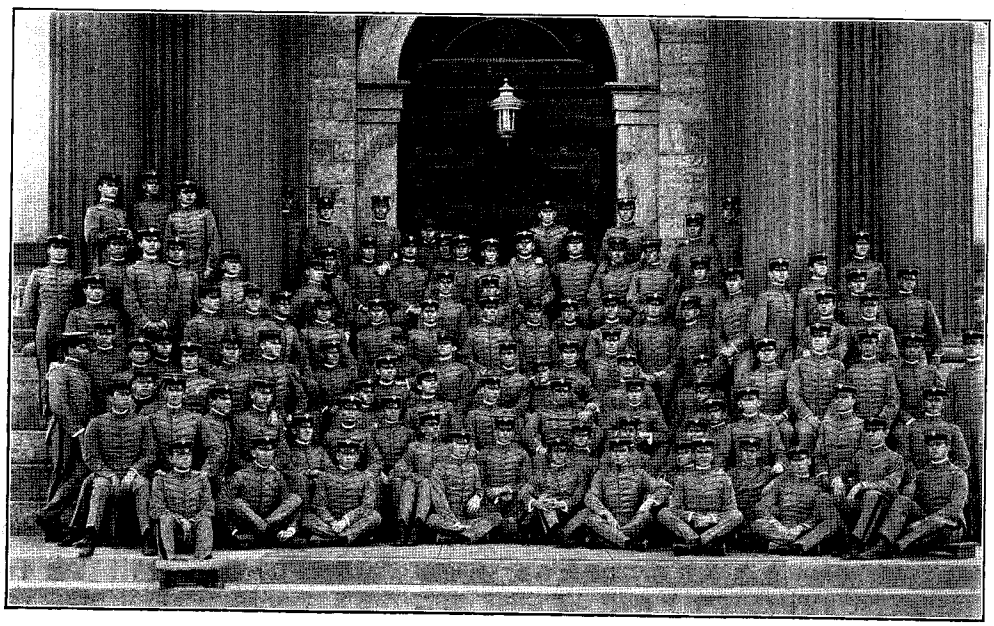
CLASS DAY EXERCISES IN THE TRIANGLE OF THE DORMITORIES, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COMMENCEMENT DRESS PARADE AT WEST POINT.

four thousand or five thousand saddle horses may be seen at Commencement at Berea College in Kentucky. The gathering is supposed to be the largest stated one in Kentucky, and as many as fifteen thousand persons, one-seventh or more of them being negroes, often come to it. Other more or less novel Commencement Week exercises are the smoking of a pipe of peace by the Juniors and Seniors at the University of Minnesota; concerts and oratories at Oberlin, which possesses an excellent conservatory of music; a Senior play at Kansas University; a reception



CLASS '04, WEST POINT.
Photograph by B. F. McManus' West Point.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Long life to Old Nassau, my boys! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah.
Her sons will give, while they shall live, long life to Old Nassau."
SINGING "OLD NASSAU" AT THE COMMENCEMENT GAME WITH YALE.

PRINCETON. PLANTING THE IVY ON OLD NASSAU.
Photograph by B. F. McManus, Princeton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the graduating class by the Associated Alumni of the College of the City of New York; various fraternity customs and meetings at Rutgers; a review by the Governor of the State of the student battalion at the University of Iowa, an institution where the Class Day exercises, it may be added, are held on the steps of the old capital, now a University building, but the seat of government when Iowa City was the capital of the State; "Prom night" at the University of Michigan, when the campus, the fraternity houses and the streets surrounding the campus are illuminated by thousands of Japanese lanterns; a Senior Promenade at Ohio State University; the award of a gift, intended to be characteristic of him, to each Senior, at the Hamilton College Class Day; receptions on the evening of Class Day at Amherst at each of the eleven fraternity houses, which are brilliantly illuminated for the purpose; and a Senior extravaganza at the University of California, usually touching on the college trials of the Seniors and held in the University's handsome new Greek amphitheatre.

At Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., a feature of Commencement time is Ivy Day, when exercises are held while all the students are linked together by a heavy daisy chain. The Daisy Chain at Vassar has a prominent part to play on Class Day. It is carried by the twenty Sophomores, who are supposed to be prettiest. So heavy is the chain that two who carried it at a recent Class Day fainted. At Smith an ivy chain instead of a daisy chain is carried at Commencement. The Senior Dramatics are prominent at Northampton. At Wellesley a review of the boat crews is held at Commencement time. At Mount Holyoke chains of laurel figure in the Commencement exercises. A distinctive feature is the "Senior Mountain Day." The Seniors, on the afternoon of the Tuesday before Commencement, go to the top of Mt. Holyoke, where, at midnight, they hold in secret their last class meeting. At Bryn Mawr Commencement, a garden party is given by the Senior Class. Refreshments are served on the campus, which is illuminated.

"Co-eds" at the Western Universities take a prominent part in the exercises. At the University of Chicago, for instance, an ivy is planted by a man student or a woman student, alternating each year, while a Senior cap and gown is formally handed to some woman from the Junior Class. At Oberlin, on the evening before Class Day, at twilight, the women Seniors have their last "sing" on the college library steps, and the steps are formally handed over to the women juniors. A distinctive feature of Leland Stanford's Commencement Week is the laying of the Class plate. Every graduating class places one on the "Quad," the plate bearing the class's numerals in brass.

"The Prom" at Yale, usually held in February, has long been famous and is perhaps the best known college dance in the country. The "Prom" committee chairmanship is considered the highest social honour a man can receive. So elaborate have the festivities connected with it become that the Yale Faculty a few years ago limited them to two days. They begin on a Sunday, when nearly all the guests, girls and chaperons, who are in New Haven, go to service at Battell Chapel. After worship, the students without guests form a double line, between which the procession walks, an occasion that is made particularly embarrassing because this girl's bonnet and that one's dress and a third's face are commented on by no means inaudibly. On Monday night is the Glee Club concert, at which the Freshmen, who are not allowed to invite guests to any of the affairs, sit in the gallery, let banners down in front of those below, drop bits of paper and confetti, and in even less unobjectionable ways let the audience know of the Freshman Class's existence. So anxious are Freshmen to get the front seats of the gallery for this concert that they hire men to stand in line for the purpose at the theatre box office for twenty-four hours. On Tuesday afternoon there are elaborate teas at the homes of the Sheffield Scientific School societies, and on Tuesday night is held the "Prom" in the Seventh Regiment Armory. This "Diary of a Yale Freshman" from *The Yale Record* gives a good idea of the state of mind at New Haven during a "Prom" week:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday, January 18. Queens coming down. Violets going up. Everybody rubbering. Not much doing. Morris praying for rain. Sophomore reported to have a dance for the Prom.

Sunday, January 19. Queens at chapel in full force behind bunches of violets. Juniors try to pretend they are used to it and look pleased when their best girl sits on their best hat. Later adjourn to Whitney Avenue. All rubber except queens. Faculty plotting to break down the rest of the fence.

Monday, January 20. New violets, same queens, teas, tea-gowns. Everybody riding around somewhere. Morris weeping tears of joy. Concert at night. Yelling, singing, cheering, queens, spaghetti, confetti, sailing cards, and freshman flag. More rubbering. Report denied that one Soph. has a dance for the Prom.

Tuesday, January 21. Nothing doing till noon. Three men reported to be awake in recitations. More teas, different violets. Everybody saving themselves till night. Off to the gallery. Hundreds of queens, myriads of Soph. stags, perpetual dancing, insufficient refreshments, constant collisions, outward apologies, inward swearing. Senior said to have worn concealed shin guards. Report finally confirmed that a Sophomore had a dance.

Similar to the Yale "Prom" are the Princeton "Prom," the Junior "Prom" and Ivy Ball of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Columbia Junior Ball. The latter was always held at Sherry's, New York City, until this year, when the custom was introduced of holding it in the University Gymnasium on Morningside Heights. A somewhat different type of midwinter festivities is represented by "Junior Week" at Cornell, "House Party Week" at Williams, and "Junior Week" at Amherst. The chief point of dissimilarity between the two types is that at the latter most of the girls who are guests occupy the fraternity houses of their hosts. As there are at Cornell twenty-four chapter houses of Greek letter fraternities, a good number of visitors can be accommodated. Most of the fraternity men seek temporary rooms elsewhere, for it is usually attempted to have your guest occupy your room. At Cornell the festivities proper last from Tuesday to Friday, inclusive, though the house parties are sometimes prolonged after Friday or begin before Monday, and the chief big dances are the Sophomore Cotillion and the "Junior Prom." For the Cotillion and "Prom." the Cornell University Armory is elaborately decorated, so that practically no trace of its original interior remains. At the sides of the drill hall, "boxes," or little enclosures for non-dancers, are erected, the fraternities and other groups of students having one or more apiece for their guests. Fraternity dances, teas and theatricals are given, and often a girl will be a guest at four or five fraternity houses in a day, besides the one at which she is staying. At Williams and Amherst too the girls stay at the society houses, and various dances and receptions are held. At all three of these institutions, of course, there are many guests who do not stay at the fraternity houses, and groups of non-fraternity men often pool issues for the week and have house parties at their rooming houses. At the University of Michigan, another thriving home of Greek Letter fraternities, Junior Week comes between the two semesters. Examinations end on a Thursday, and house parties at the chapter houses and elsewhere last from then until the following Monday. A "Junior Hop," a matinee by the University Comedy Club and a concert by the University Musical Clubs are the chief features. Brown's "Junior Week" lasts three days, and is marked by fraternity teas and other social affairs, ending with a "Junior Prom." At Dartmouth, Rutgers, Hamilton, New York University, and Stevens, the fraternities also make much of "Junior Week." The University of Rochester, Colgate, Ohio State University, and Leland Stanford also have elaborate "Junior Proms."

Typical of the importance of the "co-ed" in the West is "Woman's Day" at the University of California. Various sports are held by the women, and a basket ball game is played on the University's open air court, which men students may see, if—chaperoned by a woman student. In the evening, still under the auspices of the "co-eds," a colonial ball takes place. The woman's edition of the weekly literary paper, *The Occident*, appears on this day. "Junior Day" at the University of California is the Friday after Thanksgiving. Members of the Junior Class give an original farce and the "Junior Prom" is held in the evening.

Contrary to the usual custom, the Uni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versity of Chicago has a "Senior Prom" on Washington's Birthday and a "Junior Prom" at Commencement. At the University of Iowa the most elaborate festivities, outside of Commencement, centre in the election and initiation of men to the senior society of Scimitar and Fez, said to hold a charter signed by the Sultan Abdul Hamid II. At Oberlin, at Thanksgiving, each of the college classes, and the Conservatory of Music and other departments, have elaborate banquets.

At Vassar the chief social affairs during the year are the Philolothean Dance at Thanksgiving and the Founders' Dance on May 1, to both of which the students invite men guests. At Smith, there are men guests in March for the Musical Club's concert, and in May for the Junior "Prom." Teas and germans are given in the college dormitories in connection with the concert. At Wells a "Junior Prom" is held to which men are invited. A "John Henry" article in *The Cornell Widow* tells of a visit to it, and the description is typical of what often happens at the dances at women's colleges. This John Henry says, among other things:

"It was this way—I gets a letter from a girl that a friend of hers had lost her Johnnie for the Prom. and that I might consider myself subpœnaed. I sends a hurry call for my laundry and wires that I was on.

"When we got to Aurora I beats the field to the tavern and asks for a room and a bath. Then the guy broke the news to me—no room that night; no bath any night. I fanned myself and picked out a dark corner where I did the quick change. Then I takes number twenty on a sad looking mirror in the office. Next, I ducks up to the college and gets out a habeas corpus for the woman that was to buy my supper. At last somebody found her and we gives each other the mit. A long row of faculty—male and female—sized me up and then on to glory for a few hours.

"After the dance we sped back to the hotel and boomed Milwaukee stock a few points. I picked up a Hobart man and we hires a parlor in a farm house that had not been opened since the last funeral in the family. The Hobart man drew a bum Larkin's-soap combination chair and I forced myself on a marble top table. With an antiseptic spray I could have done the body-in-the-Morgue tableaux fine.

"In the morning we got away quick, as the Hobart man had tried to pick some wax flowers when we came in, and did not have the price of the glass cover. I hunted up mine and told her I looked stronger than I felt. She took the hint and gave me a chance to rest.

"It was a dead smooth time. But say, it'll be a month before I gets that marble top table out of my system—believe me."

*L. Guernsey Price.*

---

# MY HEART HATH TALKED OF THEE.

My heart hath talked of thee
  All the soft hours of the slumbrous day,
As through the arch of tree and tree,
  'Mid Springtime's wooing volubility,
One fuller, more insistent note,
From unseen, love-pained throat,
Comes down the leafy way.

Here, hour by heedless hour,
  Upon the moss-stained fence I lean,
And wonder at the sudden shower
  Of blossoms on the rippling green,
And watch the hand of God unfold
The poppy and the marigold.

The rose is lovely, and the fleur-de-lis,
And apple-blossoms, dear to thee and me,
But now I choose those richer-coloured flowers,
Lifting gold faces to the golden hours.
My fancy is robust as they: one sweet, warm kiss
  Befits a day like this.

*Herbert Müller Hopkins.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FIVE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## I.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER.*

THE world has made its candid autobiographies classics and this latest is unique as the attempt of an earnest and acute thinker to write "a natural history" of himself as a useful accompaniment to the books which it was the chief occupation of his life to write.

Spencer at much length sets forth his lineage and the events and circumstances of his childhood, youth and early manhood, in order to trace and explain their influence upon his career. He came of a long line of non-conformists and whigs. His father, a school teacher, with advanced ideas on the subject of education and a special interest in mathematics and the natural sciences, and also something of an inventor, had the trait of independence in thought and action as a marked characteristic. Young Herbert, the only surviving child, and much of the time his companion, derived from him a special interest in these subjects and far surpassed his father in his disregard for all forms of established authority in intellectual matters. His school life, for the most part away from home, ended with his sixteenth year, with very modest acquirements:

"A fair amount of mathematics had been acquired; and the accompanying discipline had strengthened my reasoning powers. In the acquisition of languages but trifling success had been achieved; in French nothing beyond the early part of the grammar and a few pages of a phrase book; in Greek a little grammar I suppose, and such knowledge as resulted from rendering into English a few chapters of the New Testament; and in Latin some small ability to translate the easy books given to beginners—always, however, with more or less of blundering. No history was read; there was no culture in general literature; nor had the concrete sciences any place in our course. Poetry and fiction were left out entirely."

But by his father he had been taught not what to think but how to think, and, shortly after he left school and when in his seventeenth year, his love of mathematics manifested itself by the discovery of a remarkable property of the circle, not then known, and the theorem and its demonstration were published in 1840. After an attempt at teaching, he entered upon railway engineering, which he followed for some years with great success, shown by his advancement in position and compensation. At the age of twenty, he wrote his father that he would like to make public some of his ideas on the state of the world and religion, together with a few remarks on education, but added that he thought he might employ his time better at present. He was fond of castle-building, a habit which continued through his youth and mature life, and at this time his castles included a successful invention and a fortune made hereby.

As in the case of many distinguished men, the reading of a particular book marked an epoch in his intellectual life. In the course of his engineering work, his attention was directed to the fossils in the railway cuttings, and he purchased Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, then recently published. A chapter in this book devoted to a refutation of Lamarck's theory concerning the origin of species, had the effect of giving him a decided leaning to it, and from the time that he read this book his mind dwelt upon the subject of evolution, and when, years later, he became aware of Von Baer's formula expressing the course of development through which every plant and animal passes the change from homogeneity to heterogeneity, with this formula, in connection with his general evolutionary ideas, he began to work out the views which it was his life task to embody in a system of philosophy. He fixes the date when he adopted the general doctrine of evolution as not later than 1855. It is extremely interesting to note the mixed motives which influenced him to attempt and complete this task:

**An Autobiography.* By Herbert Spencer. Two volumes. D. Appleton and Company: New York. $5.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nor can it be denied that, in the prosecution of my chief undertaking, I have been throughout stimulated by the desire to associate my name with an achievement. Though from the outset I have had in view the effects to be wrought on men's beliefs and courses of action—especially in respect of social affairs and governmental functions; yet the sentiment of ambition has all along been operative."

During an earlier period of his life, he had reprinted a series of articles written for *The Non-Conformist,* under the title of *The Proper Sphere of Government,* and had reached the conclusion "that government is a national institution for preventing one man from infringing upon the rights of another." A copy of this book he sent to Carlyle, who acknowledged it in an appreciative letter, commenting upon which Spencer says:

"I quote the letter because, profoundly averse as I am from Carlyle's leading ideas, and strongly as I have expressed myself in reprobation of his despotic temper and resulting love of despotic rule, and in reprobation of his contemptuous utterances about various men, it is but fair to express my appreciation of the sympathetic feeling occasionally manifested by him."

Later, he made the acquaintance of Carlyle, through an introduction by Lewes, who had become an ardent admirer of Spencer, and he had also formed a deep and lasting friendship with George Eliot, then Miss Evans, and their intimacy resulted in gossip of love and marriage, but in fact no such ideas were entertained by either of them. A conversation between this appreciative friend and himself, relating to *Social Statics,* his first book, completed in 1850, is the occasion of a significant passage, indicating the method of his mental operations:

"*Social Studies* having, I presume, been referred to, she said that, considering how much thinking I must have done, she was surprised to see no lines on my forehead. 'I suppose it is because I am never puzzled,' I said. This called forth the exclamation—'O! that's the most arrogant thing I ever heard uttered.' To which I rejoined, 'Not at all, when you know what I mean.' And I then proceeded to explain that my mode of thinking did not involve that concentrated effort which is commonly accompanied by wrinkling of the brows.

"It has never been my way to set before myself a problem and puzzle out an answer. The conclusions at which I have from time to time arrived, have not been arrived at as solutions of questions raised; but have been arrived at unawares—each as the ultimate outcome of a body of thoughts which slowly grew from a germ."

He completed his Psychology, his second book, in 1855, under great difficulties, carrying on other literary work at the same time, and struggling with persistent insomnia, the result of his highly nervous organisation. In a letter written at this time, he thus describes himself:

"You are doubtless perfectly right in attributing my present state to an exclusively intellectual life; and in prescribing exercise of the affections as the best remedy. No one is more thoroughly convinced than I am that bachelorhood is an unnatural and very injurious state. Ever since I was a boy (when I was unfortunate in having no brothers or sisters) I have been longing to have my affections called out. I have been in the habit of considering myself but half alive; and have often said that I hoped to begin to live some day. But my wandering, unsettled life, my unattractive manners towards those in whom I feel no interest, my habit of arguing and of offending opponents by a disrespectful style of treating them, have been so many difficulties in my way."

In March 1852, he had published an article on the Development of Hypothesis, and, when in 1857, Darwin and Wallace, in papers read before the Linnæan Society, presented their views on the subject, Spencer sent to Darwin a copy of his volume of essays containing that on the Development of Hypothesis. In the Autobiography the following remarkable passage occurs, relating to this incident:

"The following is Mr. Darwin's acknowledgment: No, it is not as follows; for on considerations I decide to omit it. Notwithstanding the compliments it contains, which seemed to negative publication, I was about to quote it, because it dispels, more effectually than anything else can, a current error respecting the relation between Mr. Darwin's views and my own. But the reproduction of it would be out of taste, and I leave the error to be otherwise corrected."

The second volume of the Autobiography is occupied in large part with the incidents connected with the composition and publication of the Synthetic Philos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ophy, the scheme of which he announced in 1857-58. This work, which he fortunately lived to complete, although at times he despaired of so doing, practically engrossed the remainder of his long life. Under what physical disabilities and other difficulties this was done making its accomplishment sheer heroism, can only be appreciated after reading this book.

He tells us that he never was able to read Kant through, because he found that he disagreed with his fundamental hypothesis; that Comte fared much the same way, because he disagreed with the Classification of the Sciences; that he could not read Plato either as philosophy or literature, and yet he tells us that this disregard of the philosophical literature of the past aided him in the accomplishment of his life-work:

"Lack of regard for authority, and fearlessness of the consequences entailed by dissent from other men's opinions, have been part causes of what success I have had in philosophical inquiry. Such reverence for great names as most feel, and resulting acceptance of established doctrines, would have negatived that independence without which I could not have reached the conclusions I have. Never stopping to ask what has been thought about this or that matter, I have usually gone direct to the facts as presented in Nature, and drawn inferences afresh from them—occasionally, it may be, untrue influences, but in other cases inferences which are true."

It is evident that his inherited qualities, his remarkable intellectual development, and the exclusion of the philosophical thought of the past, enabled him to attain an intellectual isolation practically equivalent to that of a recluse. This isolation clearly rendered possible his achievement and determined its character, and may determine its ultimate value, which will depend upon whether future philosophic thought will have to resort to the great thinkers of the past or will prove self-sufficient, on the lines that he has laid down.

Throughout the Autobiography, it is made apparent that there was in Spencer an extraordinary development of his intellect as contrasted with his emotions; excepting on the side of social justice, his emotional nature seems to have been but slightly developed. Nowhere is there a suggestion that he had any interest in animals or any especial appreciation of the beauties of nature, and it was with great satisfaction that in his later years he discovered that he had a marked affection for children.

Interesting as it is to follow the application to his own life, thought and work, of the methods he employed in his Synthetic Philosophy, and to observe the growth and development of his philosophic ideas, these are not the sole attractions of the book. It abounds in inspiring and noble thoughts; in keen and characteristic descriptions of persons and places; in charming anecdotes and bright passages of wit, humour and satire, and the "Reflections," the closing chapter, written after the main portion of the Autobiography, and completed in 1893, is a most suggestive, profound and impressive piece of writing, expressing his views, not only as to his own life, its conduct and its lessons to him and others, but also his views upon the broader questions of the purposes and possibilities of human life in general.

The book will live, not as the other great autobiographies, by virtue of the emotional element in them, their intense humanism, but by reason of its intellectual elements, and because it is the candid record of the life and thought of one who has made a great contribution to one of the most remarkable and important movements in the intellectual history of the race. *Edward M. Colie.*

II.

### THE HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.*

Most books that deal with the subject of caricature attempt too much or else too little. Caricature itself being so very ancient a form of human art and its subjects being as multitudinous as life itself, no single book can adequately trace the history of its complete development. Everything in which men and women take an interest has been taken as a theme by the satirist who indulges his wit, his humour, or his hate through a pictorial

**The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature.* By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

medium. Politics, religion, war, philosophy, philanthropy, fashion, virtue, and vice—indeed all that Juvenal has summed up for us in his immortal couplet—have been pictured in an exaggerated or distorted form by caricaturists from time immemorial.

Hence it is that we shall never find in any single treatise an adequate account of this bastard form of art. The monumental works of Champfleury and of Flögel-Eberling, bulky though they be, are in reality mere monographs compared with what one would expect from an exhaustive history of caricature. As for such books as that of Parton, which attempts to trace within the compass of a few hundred pages, the history of caricature from the earliest times they are simply grotesque in their inadequacy. On the other hand, limited works like those of Grand-Carteret, which have to do with special periods or restricted themes, do not individually possess an interest so nearly universal as to attract the casual reader.

The authors of the volume now before us have judiciously restricted their field so as not to be overwhelmed by the embarrassment of riches, while they have at the same time selected one that is broad enough to attract every intelligent person. The caricature of the nineteenth century is, in fact, the very cream of all caricature. In that period comic art obtained its most perfect form and its supreme recognition. The caricaturist, indeed, has at last come to be regarded as a power to be seriously reckoned with, and the cartoon exercises an influence hardly second to that which is wielded by the press. Messrs. Maurice and Cooper have undertaken the task of tracing the political history of the nineteenth century as it has been recorded by the sharp pencil of the contemporary cartoonist; and their book begins with the coarse but powerful drawings of Gillray and Rowlandson, and ends with the work of Caran d'Ache, of Opper and Davenport and Bush. The text of the book is based upon a series of articles which appeared not long ago in the pages of THE BOOKMAN. This text, however, has been revised and amplified, while the illustrations which accompanied it have been lavishly augmented in number.

Both text and pictures are extremely interesting. To turn the pages over is to read the record of a marvellous century, a century in which the modern world was revolutionised; and this record is essentially a popular one, showing how the spectacular events of a hundred years were viewed, not by statesmen and philosophers, but by the man in the street, to whom the caricaturist must first of all appeal. It is history expounded by wit and oftentimes by malice. It is pictorial parody. Here the stateliest of figures, the most powerful of men, are stripped of all their trappings of state and held up to the irreverent gaze of millions with an impishness which very often goes unerringly to the very heart of things and lays bare the truth with sublime audacity and an utter unconcern for consequences. Many of these caricatures have won a place for themselves as secure as that which is held by works of higher art. The famous *Poire* of Philippon, the impressive drawing by Leech entitled "General Février Turned Traitor," Tenniel's cartoon of Bismarck and the Kaiser when the latter "drops the pilot," Nast's scarification of Tweed, and Gillam's hideous conception of "The Tattooed Man" are sure of immortality, while not a few of the other inspirations of the political caricaturist deserve to be ranked with these.

Criticism of the volume must be mainly of a negative character. The authors have confined themselves for the most part to the political history of France, Germany, England, and America; and caricature of other countries finds little place or mention. Italian history from 1848 to 1866 has failed to interest the authors, although it gave birth to a swarm of clever skits. The great Hungarian outbreak of 1848, and the meteoric career of Kossuth have apparently been forgotten, while Spanish caricature is represented by a few small drawings made at the time of the war in 1898. Therefore, properly speaking, the book is incomplete; though probably the average reader will not be troubled by these omissions. Another feature of the work that mars its excellence is the fact that the illustrations do not follow a strictly chronological order. Thus, a cartoon illustrating the end of the Chino-Japanese War in 1896 follows another which has to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do with the march of the Allies on Pekin in 1900; and both of these precede a cartoon concerning the Chinese Exclusion Act, as does also a caricature of Boulanger. This arrangement is confusing and quite unnecessary, and it interrupts a natural sequence which ought to have been maintained throughout the book. Among the famous drawings that have been omitted are some which appeared during the Blaine-Cleveland campaign and which would have testified vividly to the bitterness of that struggle without descending too far into the depths of the objectionable. In enumerating the various "breaks" which political cartoonists have made in publishing pictures of events which failed to come off, there should have been included the famous one which *Judge* committed, if we remember rightly, at the time when Mr. Cleveland overwhelmed Judge Folger in 1882, though the publishers of *Judge* were so confident of Republican success that they went to press with a victorious cartoon which appeared a day or two after the Republican *débâcle*.

It would have added to the value of the book had some account been given of the evolution of national types through caricature—for instance, the figure of John Bull, those of Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan, and the origin of the Russian Bear as a symbol. Here and there the authors have mistaken the actual meaning of a drawing either through carelessness or through unfamiliarity with the subject. Thus, on page 353, there is a cartoon from the *Humoristische Blätter* of Berlin. It is entitled "Between Scylla and Charybdis," and relates to the ministry of M. Waldeck Rousseau. The text describes this picture as follows:

> "On one side of the narrow waterway, a treacherous rock shows the yawning jaws of the Army. On the other side, equally hideous and threatening, gleam the sharpened teeth of the face typifying the Dreyfus Party."

Now as a matter of fact, the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry was in danger only because it was anxious to do justice to Dreyfus; and the face in the caricature which the authors take to represent the Dreyfus Party really depicts the Clericals, a fact which ought to have been obvious from the general appearance of the face, not to mention the characteristic clerical hat above it. Minor slips such as the omission of accents, the spellings "Dreyfussard," and "Philipon," and "Pigot" for Pigott (the Parnell forger) are minor matters and can be readily corrected in the next edition, which we hope the authors will furnish with a complete index and thus greatly enhance the value of their work for reference. Taken as a whole, the book is one of unique and general interest. H. T. P.

## III.

### MR. LYNDE'S "THE GRAFTERS."

MR. LYNDE'S *The Grafters*, as might be expected from the title, has for its serious purpose the discussion of certain political conditions which are to-day a menace to the very existence of popular government. And it must be assumed that the author has not approached his task without due sense of responsibility, for the problems involved are too real and vital to be employed—like Greek brigandage or South American revolution—merely to supply motive power for a story of adventure.

Granting all sincerity to Mr. Lynde, the picture he draws is not one tending to increase our satisfaction in free institutions. A western state is at the mercy of a gang of corruptible officials alternately in conflict and in "cahoots" with a corrupting railway company, and between the two we find the hero of the book afflicted with what seems to us an unheroic moral astigmatism.

"'Is it any worse to take a bribe than it is to give one?'" asks Miss Elinor Brentwood of the young attorney of the corporation. "'You have just admitted that you were going to buy the neutrality of the Governor, you know.'"

"'I don't see it in that light at all,'" is the reply.

David Kent, who has left New England for the West in the hope of winning fortune and ultimately the hand of Miss Brentwood, is at the opening of the story a legal representative of the Western Pacific Railway, a corporation in which the entire fortune of the young lady, together with that of her mother and sister, Penelope, is invested. A victory for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Populist party at a State election so depreciates the stock that the Brentwood family, unable longer to maintain their high position in Boston society, also migrate westward, happily to the very town where Kent is living. With the ladies travels Mr. Brookes Ormsby, a young millionaire, and Kent's most dangerous rival for the affections of Miss Brentwood.

An insight into the character of Elinor is given in her reply to the suggestion that the doubtful securities be disposed of:

"'If we were to sell now,' she retorted with prompt decision, 'it would be because we were afraid it might prove a bad investment. Therefore, for the sake of a presumably ignorant buyer, we have no right to sell.'"

Mrs., Brentwood, who was by the way "a thin-lipped little person, plain-spoken to the verge of unfriendliness, a woman in whom the rugged Puritan strain had become panic-acidulous," accepts her elder daughter's point of view without question, and the lovers are again brought together.

The meeting took place in a Pullman car. David "hoped there would be no absence-reared barrier to be painfully levelled," and found none, for Elinor "was by turns unwontedly kind and curiously silent," and presently the lawyer "dropped informally into place as one of the party of five." From this on to the end of the book no note of discord appears to have marred the pleasant relations thus established. And no wonder, for the members of the group had one absorbing taste in common; a passion for local politics. Mr. Lynde has been no less successful in his attempts to interweave a love story with one of political intrigue than many others who have laboured in the same direction. But the result is not always convincing. One feels disposed to question the psychology which impels young men and women to turn their thoughts to State affairs on moonlit balconies or in the cheerful atmosphere of evening parties.

"She had taken his arm and was edging him through the press in the parlours toward the entrance hall. 'You haven't paid me yet,' he objected. 'No, I am trying to remember. Oh, yes, I have it now. Wasn't someone telling me that you are interested in House Bill Twenty-nine?' They had reached the dimly-lighted front vestibule and her hand was still on his arm. 'I was interested in it,' he admitted, correcting the present to the past tense. 'But, after it went to the House committee on judiciary you left it to more skillful or perhaps we'd better say to less scrupulous hands.' . . . . He stopped her with a sudden gust of feverish excitement. 'Tell me what you mean in one word, Miss Van Brock. Don't those fellows intend to stay bought?' She smiled pityingly."

Portia Van Brock, though but a secondary heroine, differed little from Elinor in character and conversation, and like Elinor she was as well bred as she was well-informed. Her red and white corpuscles must have left the power-house of her affections at regulated intervals, and we are sure they got back on schedule time, even when David Kent dropped local politics long enough to bestow upon the other girl the single chaste salute recorded in the volume.

If the author betrays a greater interest in the doings of the Grafters than in the romance he should not perhaps be blamed. For in truth the politicians are much more human than the lovers. The characters of Bucks and his confederates are evidently based on actual observation. And when dealing with them the action of the story moves often with no little dash and spirit, notably in the "railroading" of the party of officials to justice across the boundary of the State.

Mr. Lynde's narrative is, in the main, told simply, though marred at times by superabundant hyphens and unusual words—"dispiteously" for example, or "successfulist." But the chief merit of the book rests on its study of the ways and manners of Populistic statesmanship. It would be interesting to read a review of *The Grafters,* from the pen of the editor of *The Commoner.*

*Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.*

## IV.

### MISS JOHNSTON'S "SIR MORTIMER."*

Miss Johnston's latest romance has for

*Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. New York. Harper Brothers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a setting Queen Elizabeth's court, the Spanish Main, treasure galleons, islands, and an immense deal of scenery. Drake and Sidney appear in secondary rôles, also one thorough dastard, the Inquisition, the love of a man for a maid, and much friendship between heroic adventurers. Sir Mortimer, an honest but singularly ill-starred gentleman, is successfully experimented upon by the Holy Office, which with fiendish subtlety substitutes a disgraceful moral death for mere physical destruction. There are sea fights, tropical journeyings, and some Elizabethan verse. But this is not all! There is a style so remarkable that soon the very gentlest reader cannot possibly see the wood for the trees, and rather loses hold upon Sir Mortimer, Damaris Sedley and "a wild blue-jerkined Ariel filled with tidings" named Robin Robin-a-dale, in the acute excitement of seeing what will next happen to the English tongue.

The author's recipe for Elizabethan prose is systematically to invert. Unless absolutely unfeasible, let the subject always follow its verb. This undeniably lends quaintness, as "With all their vigilance, not every hall and crevice could the English stop. Spanish was the town . . . . etc." And again "In cohorts to and fro went the coloured birds . . . . along the sandy shore crowded the flamingos. The Captain of the Cygnet held too high his head." Another rule is, never let adverb stray into the neighbourhood of the qualified word, except when by this device only an infinitive can be irrevocably split. Also, bring Sir Philip Sidney up to date by ignoring his precept that "Those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge," and above all discard the Horatian maxim *"Denique, sit quid vis, simplex dumtaxat et unum."*

Seriously, there are two logical methods of meeting the difficult problem of narrative style in historical fiction (unless the question is begged, as in *Esmond*, by using the first person). In Scott, Kingsley, Théophile Gautier, etc., while dialogue may be archaic to taste, the writers' point of view remains frankly retrospective. Narrative is consistently modern, or only so lightly formalised as to keep it in key with their stories. The second and more difficult method is that of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who evolves his own medium for narrative and dialogue alike, something which, without obscurity, produces the effect of an ancient tongue. Here, of course, the point of view never wavers, no kindly twentieth century author puts in parenthetical comments on the people of bygone days. Mr. Hewlett's prose may or may not be archeologically correct. That is unessential, since it is all of a piece, clear, picturesque, and favourable to illusion.

Now, Miss Johnston, unfortunately, uses both of these methods simultaneously. She may be justified in permitting her characters to speak blank verse, though it is not customary in prose romance ("If prayer with every breath availeth, no doubt your Dione will bring your safe return"), but there can be no license for indulging on one page in pure retrospect—"A caress of which being Elizabethans neither was at all ashamed" and shortly after to come out with "Tempered to a fine agong," which, emphatically, is no living author's mode of speech. The objection to this confusion is neither academic nor pedantic, but rational, since such leaps and bounds in the author's standpoint of necessity destroy any possible atmospheric illusion. In Miss Johnston's case, this is all the more jarring as she does not possess that abounding force which carries through a tale of adventure by dint of sheer vitality; neither does she attempt closer characterisations than if her people were vague figures in a soft-hued tapestry.

As it appears to be upon word-painting and style that she relies, it must be by style that we judge her. At times a sentence will be clear, direct, and full of a very beautiful gift of sound and colour, and then, just as you draw a breath of relief, she lapses into every unimaginable dislocation of natural order, into a wild jumble of relative pronouns, and such an orgie of split infinitives as would cause satiety in Mr. George Woodberry himself. Even the Elizabethan poets performed no such feats, and I've vainly searched Sidney, Bacon, and those highly colloquial letter writers, the early Verneys, for a trace of similar juggling. It is fair to say that since writing this I met a cultivated and intelligent lady who was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in raptures over *Sir Mortimer*. Its interest held her to the last page, and she revelled almost guiltily in its charm of diction, only fearing that nothing so beautiful could likewise be praiseworthy. She was, however, reassured by a professor of English literature in whose expert opinion Miss Johnston's style could hardly be distinguished from that of the best Elizabethan prose writers.

*Mary Moss.*

V.

### JOSEPHINE DASKAM'S "THE MEMOIRS OF A BABY."*

"NEVER to have had a manuscript rejected" must be a heavy handicap for an author, when one considers how pathetically most of the masterpieces of literature have had to be peddled. Possibly, though, Mrs. Bacon's reputed experience may refer only to ultimate rejection, which would give her a saving chance to slip into the class with the fellow who sent a story to twenty-five editors, waited a year, and then, beginning over again, had it accepted by the one to whom he had sent it first. All this by way of preliminary to *The Memoirs of a Baby*.

It is not difficult to see why a story of this kind should be accepted at an early stage of its career. It is excellently calculated to be popular—perhaps to win a place among the "Six Best Sellers"—nor will its vogue be due to the militant bad taste of "the average reader," as some recent popularities would seem to have been. *The Memoirs of a Baby* is very bright and clever, and the characters in the pretty little domestic comedy—child, father, mother, maiden-aunt, and nurse—are all admirably done with convincing realism and compelling humour. There is the humour of true things—infinitely more humourous than the humour of exaggeration affected by most craftsmen, possibly because it is more obvious, and the humour of truth carries with it a suggestion of the philosophy upon which it impinges. He who can see the simple, exuberant fun, of which even the grim side of life is full, can snap his fingers at Fate; which makes it all the more pitiful to note how most men and women—even among those accounted appreciated—must have their humour emblazoned with the union label, and how many of them are quite ready to adopt the union maxim of adjusting their standards to the capacity of the poorest workmen.

Mrs. Bacon is none of this. She is so genuinely unmechanical in her light vein that one cannot but wonder that she conceives it necessary to employ a claque. When I read something, chuckling gently and most healthily, I am naturally offended to find, in the next sentence, that several of the author's creatures have the intrinsic impertinence to burst into raptures of mirth over what has very properly amused me. It is a poor trick; much worse than that of the fellow who laughs loudest at his own witticisms, because the latter may be moved by a spirit of catholic appreciation, but the other thing savours much too broadly of the professional dead-head, and a man who can see the point unaided dislikes having it rammed down his throat for purely mercantile reasons. A writer with so keen a sense of true humour as has Mrs. Bacon might well avoid such lapses, but then, I suppose the rarest quality of all is to be able to laugh at one's own weaknesses. The self-centered attitude that inordinate success tends to engender is a dangerous peril, and I sincerely hope the author of *The Memoirs of a Baby* will be saved to us by having a manuscript rejected some day without any such fishy anticlimax as proved the undoing of her classical prototype, Polycrates of Samos.

*Duffield Osborne.*

**The Memoirs of a Baby.* Josephine Daskam. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE HACKNEYED PLOT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS.

It was William Black who once said that he could not understand why novelists were ever at a loss for new plots, because so long as there were two girls and a man, or two men and a girl in the world, there would be material for an infinite number of novels. It is a wonder that some critic with a satiric turn of mind has not used this dictum as a convenient means of classifying Mr. Black's own novels, because with scarcely an exception they fall neatly into one or the other of the two groups, his earlier volumes, such as *The Princess of Thule* and *Madcap Violet,* being mainly stories of two men and a girl; while a majority of the later ones, like *White Heather* and *Donald Ross of Heimra,* are stories of two girls and a man. And for a writer with Mr. Black's genial gift for combining an easy flow of dialogue with sentiment, sunsets and salmon fishing, there really ought not to be any difficulty in turning out a practically limitless number of books built upon this convenient triangular principle.

Consciously or unconsciously, however, the author of *Madcap Violet* touched upon an important truth. There is a vast amount of energy wasted in straining after novel situations, brand-new central ideas, startling denouements, anything thoroughly bizarre or gruesome or uncanny, that no other novelist has ever happened to think of before. As a matter of fact, there are plenty of good plots in existence already; the only trouble is to find writers with ability to make effective use of them. At the hands of a novelist of the first rank, there is no such thing as a hackneyed plot. A Balzac or a Hardy, or a Tolstoi, may take a theme as old as humanity itself and make it new. He may take a plot that a dozen minor writers have for years been industriously trying to spoil; and he will so transform it with the infusion of a magic something that is not local colour nor psychological vivisection, nor any of those things for which we have convenient, ready-made labels, that you will never stop to question whether the particular man and woman he writes about are the first pair since the world was created, or the ten-thousandth, to live and love, and suffer in precisely this manner.

The secret seems to lie, so far as it is possible to define a quality so elusive, in the ability to make an effective personal appeal, to bring a story home personally to each one of us as we read. In one sense, every event in life is more or less hackneyed. Fire and flood, war and pestilence, loss of life and limb, are such a familiar feature of the day's news that we have grown callous to them. Our wives and daughters read with equanimity in the morning paper details of gruesome horrors which a hundred years ago would have thrown their great-grandmothers into hysterics. It is only when fate invades the little circle of our own acquaintance that the cold black and white of a printed paragraph, the bald announcement of a ten-word telegram, seem to flash into sudden eloquence. Have you ever noticed a similar difference in the ability of books to stir your pulses? There are writers who can move you profoundly with the simple tale of a child's transcient grief over a broken toy; while another will picture a whole battlefield, with screaming shells and struggling, shrieking horses, and humanity mown down in wide swaths, and he will leave you interested, perhaps, but unshaken. And the difference is not a question of fidelity to life; in each case, every detail may be taken from actual observation, photographic in its accuracy; but in the one case the writer has known how to enlist your sympathy in his characters, to make you share in their joys and sorrows; and in the other case he has not known how. That is the whole difference.

Somewhere in *The Virginian,* Owen Wister has said that out of the eyes of every stranger you meet, there looks a future friend or enemy. This is so simple and yet so true, in real life, that the wonder is that it has not been said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a great many times before. But it is seldom true in the world of fiction. Every time that you take up a new story, you are meeting a group of strangers. In how many cases can you say truthfully that these men and women are drawn so vividly that they seem to look out of the pages at you, either with friendly or with hostile eyes? If the proportion is as much as one in a hundred, then your course of reading has been exceptionally fortunate. The great majority seem to avoid meeting our gaze directly; we cannot read their souls, we do not know whether they are people we would care to meet in life, or not. We know what they did, in a given case, because we have the author's word for it. We do not know what they would do under some other combination of circumstances, because they have remained strangers to us to the end of the chapter.

A simple test, and yet one well worth applying to books about which you are in doubt, is to ask yourself frankly whether they have added to your circle of friends in fiction. Every reader possesses such a circle, more or less extended, more or less select, according to individual taste and education. In most cases, there is a special corner of a certain shelf reserved for them, from which you can take them down for a half hour's interview in the same casual way that you would drop in upon a friend in the flesh for an afternoon's genial chat. A curious and motley gathering they would be in most cases, if you could summon them all together in one general reunion. Colonel Newcome would probably be there; and, as likely as not, touching elbows with him would be the illustrious trio, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, with D'Artagnan never very far behind. It is safe to say that many a fastidious reader has a cosy corner especially reserved for Miss Austen's people, for Miss Bates, and "poor Miss Taylor," and gentle, apprehensive Mr. Woodhouse and all the rest. But it would come as a surprise to find how many authors of recognized importance would, on the score of old acquaintance's sake, be denied admittance. To take but a single case, Zola is a writer who would usually find himself shut out in the cold. It is easy to think of a dozen reasons for reading the Rougon-Macquart series, but friendship for the characters in it is not one of them. From all the thousands of men and women whom Zola drew with such unerring sureness of touch, such vivid portraiture, such spendthrift prodigality of detail, it is hard to name even half a dozen whom it would have been a privilege to know. Denise, perhaps, in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, who comes out untainted and victorious, after her long struggle with Mouret; Pauline, whose courage is one of the few bright spots in the disheartening pessimism of *La Joie de Vivre;* and old Chanteau, in the same book, who has reached the last stage of all, before his time, and crippled, helpless, almost without sight, taste or hearing, living in a perpetual atmosphere of death and disease, and morbid dread, can still cling fondly to his pitiful remnant of life, still say with philosophic optimism, "how foolish to kill oneself, when it is so good to live!" There may be others, but those are the only names which have come to mind spontaneously.

Robert Hichens is not an author who can be looked to to increase our circle of desirable acquaintances in fiction. Nor, on the other hand, does he give us anything essentially new in the way of plot. His themes are world-old problems modernised and warmed over, so to speak, with something suggestive of the French culinary art, a sort of decadent flavour with a garniture of *Fleurs de Mal.* If you have read Henry James's *Ambassadors* you will of course remember the sensations of Mr. Strethers during his first afternoon in Chad Newsone's apartments when he is listening to the conversation around him and wondering helplessly whether they really mean all the unspeakable things they seem to be talking about, or whether his own mind has suddenly become strangely perverted. You will always remember the passage when you read Robert Hichens's stories, because that is precisely the impression that he leaves and means to leave upon his readers. As a matter of fact, most of the startling thoughts which he suggets form no part of his plot; he contents himself with misleading the reader to thinking about them. These comments have no especial application to his latest story, *The Woman With the Fan.* On the whole it sins rather less in this respect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than most of his books. In addition to the odd title, it has a somewhat startling cover design—the nude figure of a woman apparently going through a sort of drill with an open fan. This figure which proves to be a marble statuette known as *Une danseuse de Tunisie* plays a rather important part in the development of the story. It is the fan which makes the statuette wicked, one of the characters is constantly asserting, and the thought which is symbolised by the statue is that of the eternal feminine, degraded by the artificial and the tarnish of mundane life. In his attempt to apply the symbolism to his heroine, Lady Holme, Mr. Hichens is by no means clear. Lady Holme's friends constantly identify her with the statuette, and beg her to throw away her fan, meaning apparently that there is the taint of wickedness about her, and that she is capable of higher things. As a matter of fact, however, the facts in the case scarcely fit in with this theory. Stripped of its symbolism, the book is simply a study of the two elements which go to make up of love, the physical attraction and the psychological. Viola Holme is a woman in whom the finer elements of character lie dormant. She is married to a man who apparently satisfies her ideal of happiness. He is a big, athletic, primitive sort of a man, "a slave to every impulse born of passing physical sensations." She knows that of poetry, music, and all the finer things of life he has not and never will have the slightest comprehension. She knows too that he loves her only for the surface beauty of her hair, her eyes, her delicate complexion, and that if she lost that beauty to-morrow his love would go with it.

And yet she loves him, in spite of his crudeness and his many infidelities, because he satisfies the demands of that side of her nature which is strongest—the side "that holds the fan." Other men, the men who want her to "throw the fan away," offer her a different kind of love, because there are times when they see in her eyes, and hear in her voice when she sings morbid little verses from D'Annunzio, the promise of deeper emotions than her husband has ever dreamed her capable of. The reason that Mr. Hichens's symbolism is confusing is that he has apparently confounded the distinction between the physical and the spiritual elements of love with that between vice and virtue; and while these distinctions often overlap, they are of course not synonymous. The symbol of the lady and the fan, if carried out to a logical conclusion, means that Lady Holme would be a better woman, mentally and morally, if she discarded her coarse-minded husband and replaced him with a lover of a more artistic temperament. But even if his symbolism is all wrong, Mr. Hichens's knowledge of human nature does not betray him. He knows that a woman of Viola Holme's temperament will never voluntarily "throw aside her fan"; only an accident in which the statuette is broken will accomplish this miracle. And so fate intervenes, in the form of an overturned automobile, and lady Holme struggles back to consciousness, to find that her famous beauty is gone forever. In its place is a mere caricature of a human face, a spectacle so repellant, that of all the men who formerly professed to worship the "inner beauty of her soul," only one has the courage to renew his vows, and he a poor, broken-down inebriate, as sad a wreck as herself.

A kindred volume which in last analysis also falls under William Black's convenient subdivision of "two men and a girl," is *The Rat-Trap*, a new novel by the lady who chooses to sign herself Dolf Wyllarde. The plot hinges upon the same old familiar situation that has done duty a hundred times before—a woman of fine instincts, culture and intellect, who is wasted upon a husband of just the average sort, a clean, healthy, athletic young Englishman with a mind that never rises above horses, and cricket, and tennis. The book is redeemed from being commonplace, first by the frank and at times rather subtle analysis of the woman's thoughts, and secondly by the novelty of the background. It all happens on a little island off the coast of Mozambique, one of those "governmental rat-traps," as someone in the book defines it, in which the British government finds it convenient to bury alive such of its diplomatic servants as are either dangerously clever, or hopelessly incompetent; and they spend their years like so many caged animals in a wheel,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

running round and round, vainly seeking an outlet. This atmosphere of tropical heat, governmental red-tape and blighted ambitions, Dolf Wyllarde has rendered with quite an uncommon degree of power. There are passages and episodes which suggest that she has studied with profit Mr. Kipling's early stories of official circles in India. But she has squandered material for at least two novels, if not more, upon this one book. First she has studied the problem of a young wife's gradual awakening to the knowledge that the man she has married is destined to be a failure in life. Leeline Lewin married her husband for no better reason than because she had known him all her life, and because he is a good specimen of the tall, fair, robust type of Englishman who looks as though fighting his way through difficulties would be the most congenial occupation in the world. She herself is endowed with such an amount of superfluous vitality that she cannot understand the fatal streak of inertia in his nature, which leads him constantly to shirk his duties as secretary and go off swimming or fishing, or riding, when he might instead be helping his superior, the Administrator, fathom out plots for a popular uprising among the natives. As Lewin goes from bad to worse, under the enervating influence of the climate, and when the crucial night comes and the threatened uprising takes place, he is found too far befuddled with drink to be of any practical use, the young wife's sensations would be worth studying, if only she had ever really loved him. It happens, however, that she never did. She comes to the island fancy-free, though she does not realise this, and from the instant that she meets the dominant glance of Gregory, the Administrator of the island, she succumbs to his influence. The sequel is obvious from the first, almost as obvious as was the title under which the book appeared in England, *Uriah the Hittite*. One has only to recall the lines of the verse beginning "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle . . . . that he may be smitten and die," in order to understand how Gregory solves the problem of this particular triangle of the sexes. The second problem of the story is, whether a man and a woman can find happiness together, with the weight of another man's death upon their conscience; and in the solution of this second problem lies the weakness of the book.

To vary the monotony, a story of a man and two women may be taken up next, *The Pastime of Eternity*, by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd. This time it is the man who is endowed with an exceptional temperament, the soul of a musician, and an uncontrollable aversion to loud colours, loud noises, and the froth and inanity of fashionable society. How Oliver Holbein, with his nervous sensibility and his wonderful gift for music, ever came to marry the loud-voiced, overdressed, and over-blond young woman, whose very presence is a perpetual torture to him, is one of the problems which the author fails to make us understand. But, accepting the possibility of such a marriage, it is easy enough to understand how such a man might be caught on the rebound by the sympathetic understanding of the other woman in the story, Léa de Bésarique. Like Holbein, Léa also possesses her full share of "artistic temperament," and when the two awaken to a realisation of the fact that they love each other, the author intimates very plainly that the existence of a wife and the condemnation of society would not weigh with Léa for a single instant. The motives that keep her and Holbein from any irrevocable step are of a very different sort. The De Bésariques are an erratic family. The author does not seem aware just how abnormal they are; but more than one reader will suspect the existence of a taint of insanity somewhere in their family tree.

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

IV.

## YELLOW JOURNALISM.

By Arthur Brisbane.

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

"For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

"For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgeteth what manner of man he was.

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."—James I. 22-25.

FROM this text, every yellow journalist should preach.

It is the text of action, as opposed to inaction, of responsibility as opposed to indifference.

Yellow journalism is the journalism of action, and responsibility—when it is the real and the right Yellow journalism.

Yellow journalism is simply Real journalism.

The other kind of journalism—that which barks as the Yellow Journal engine goes by, is the journalism of the past.

Each great newspaper in its turn is yellow. While it is in the ascendant, passing the others and setting new standards of action and of public spirit, it is yellow.

Success and prosperity combined dull the edge of the yellow editor. Then conservatism comes—"respectability"comes also, with a fine house, fine friends, social ambition, new interests, children that dread snubs.

Everybody knows that—in America especially—a man is largely what he owns.

The average American newspaper out much money. Then he is a real newspaper man, for it is a newspaper that he owns, and he works as a newspaper man, with his mind on nothing else.

Journalistic success brings money. The editor formerly has become a money man, he thinks and works as a money man. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." When the treasure has been accumulated it is in Wall Street or that neighbourhood and there the editor's heart is also.

The editor with his heart in Wall Street ceases to be yellow. He takes on a superior dull golden hue—and that is reflected in the changed tone of his newspaper.

This is not meant as unkind criticism of the changing editors. The thin bird of the North changes into the fat rice bird when feeding among the Southern rice fields.

The thin, keen editorial bird, of real convictions and a desire to help other thin birds, changes into a morally fat and sleepy money bird when prosperity comes. He then thinks, acts and looks as the other fat birds do. He cannot help it, and he should not be blamed for it. Nature is stronger than man.

That editor was the sincere friend of other thin men when he was one of the thin. He is the sincere friend of other fat prosperous men now that he has become fat. He conscientiously adapts himself to the needs of his new class. But in doing so he betrays his thin readers and they find it out. Along comes another thin editor. He cries out that the people need saving. He makes a success which changes *him* into a fat editorial bird, and so it goes. The yellow newspaper of to-day becomes the conservative newspaper of to-morrow, and the DEAD newspaper of a little later, because money changes the editor's character, and with his character his newspaper changes.

William Randolph Hearst's appearance as an energetic, and consequently yellow editor, is interesting, because he began his work as a rich man. He did not enter journalism to make money. If he ever changes into a conservative "respectable" editor, with a newspaper slowly dying, it will be for some new reason.

It is impossible, of course, to discuss yellow journalism without discussing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hearst, the owner and editor of the New York *Journal,* and of eight other newspapers, ALL YELLOW.

Hearst is the yellow editor of the day. Nobody disputes his claim to the title, although not a few imitate him more or less ably, without ceasing to decry his objectionable activity.

Yellow journalism is perhaps yellower in Hearst's newspapers than it has been in any other. That is partly because he is the latest of the active editors—the "doers of the word." He makes himself especially offensive to the "hearers only," because he started out with unusual energy doing things, and had the means to do them.

Hearst's kind of yellow journalism is not entirely new.

Stanley died a few days ago. When James Gordon Bennett sent him into Africa to find Livingston, that was yellow journalism. Conservative, respectable journalism would have waited for Livingston to find himself. It would then have written mildly about him, or about his corpse, if he had been found dead.

There hasn't been any Livingston for Hearst to send after. If there were, he would send. He did send an expedition to get a Cuban girl out of prison. He got her out, and while that was not, perhaps, as important as the finding of Livingston, it was interesting, it was moral, and it was YELLOW.

A child named Marion Clarke was kidnapped in New York City. The case caused great excitement, and especially great apprehension among parents.

Yellow Journalism, represented by Hearst, offered and paid five thousand dollars reward for the recovery of the child. She was found through one of many thousand posters with which Yellow Journalism plastered the country. The kidnapper was convicted and sent to jail. The child returned to its mother. What was far more important, it was made evident to would-be kidnappers that they had something more than the police to deal with. They learned that a yellow newspaper could set to work a million amateur detectives among its readers, and that even amateur detectives are to be dreaded when they number a million.

The New York *World,* which in its day was the leading yellow journal of America, and very useful, offered no reward for Marion Clarke and had nothing to do with finding her. But it did accuse Hearst of having caused the child to be stolen in order to create a sensation. That accusation was probably the last dying flicker of the old yellow enthusiasm gone wrong.

Dead or dying Yellow Journalism often shows traces of old activity in attacks on the yellow journal of the day.

Yellow Journalism attracts attention largely through deeds of active energy. The detection of crime, the sending of relief trains and relief boats at the editor's expense to flood victims at Galveston or elsewhere, the hiring of halls and organising of mass meetings to protest against franchise steals—such are the physical and externally visible good work of Yellow Journalism.

Far more important than anything else is the work that Yellow Journalism does in influencing the community in its *thought,* stimulating and supporting it in fighting the encroachments of class or of capital upon the popular rights.

The rich men, with their race tracks and their bookmakers, ignore public morality and the law because they want the pleasure and excitement of gambling. They debauch the public with their betting ring, that the public may pay for this pleasure. To denounce this, is to be a yellow journalist.

On the Stock Exchange, and in all sorts of Wall Street schemes, the respectable class rob the public respectably, while the little poolroom keeper, the petty swindler at the country fair must go to jail.

To criticise Wall Street gamblers, to bring criminal suits against Gas Trust extortion, against Ship Trust thieves, to fight the Coal Trust up to the Supreme Court and win—all that is Yellow Journalism.

Yellow Journalism is important to the great public because it does frighten, to some extent at least, the big public plunderers.

Yellow Journalism is important to the peaceful stability of society, *BECAUSE IT ACTS AS A SAFETY VALVE FOR PUBLIC INDIGNATION.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

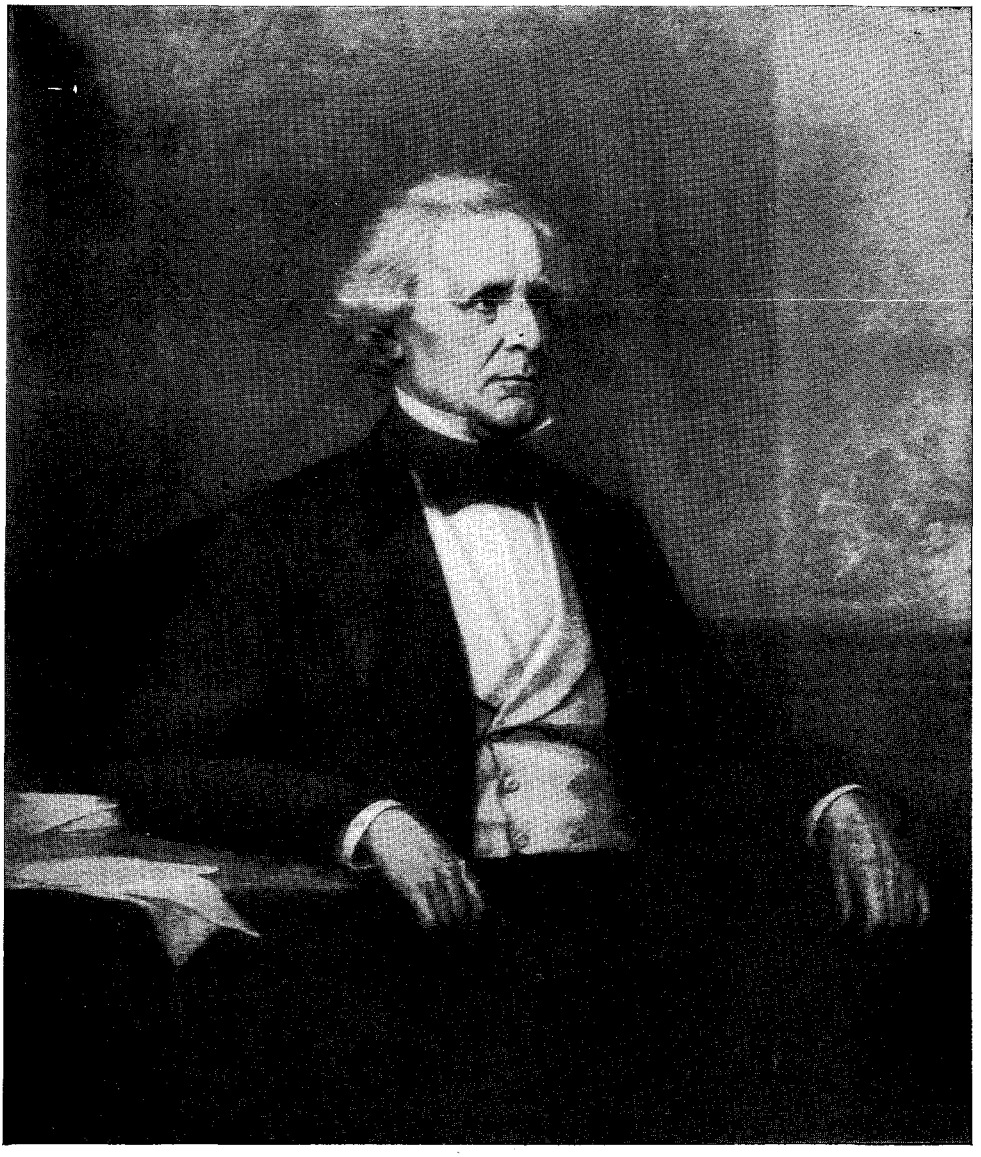
There are among us perhaps ten millions of people very rich or fairly well to do, seventy millions who have not yet succeeded in entering the class of the rich, fat, human rice-birds.

While the great majority feel that they have a yellow journal to speak for them, while they see each other reading with approval the opinions of an editor who fights their battles, they know that their side is heard.

One of the greatest and ablest of railroad men in America—perhaps the ablest—told his counsel, a United States Senator, not long ago, that the social problems of this country could be settled only by a bloody revolution—the bloodiest in history—and declared it useless to hope for any other kind of a settlement.

That great railroad man was wrong.

There is no need of any bloody revolution, while the people realise that their



THE ELDER JAMES GORDON BENNETT.
In His Day a Pioneer in Aggressive Journalism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side gets a hearing, while they are constantly reminded of the fact that with their votes they can do what they choose, that they don't deserve better conditions if they are not willing to vote for them.

What is Yellow Journalism?

It is the power of public opinion, the mental force of thousands or millions of readers utilised with more or less intelligence in the interest of those readers.

The yellow journal is the successor of the open spot where citizens of the Greek republic met to settle public affairs.

Those Greek citizens jostling each other's elbows were no more closely united in thought or purpose than the vastly greater crowd that makes up the power of the yellow journal.

I have no doubt that Hearst and his influence on public thought and action is the most powerful man in the United States to-day. That is because he owns the present meeting place of the people—the yellow journal—and he presides at all the meetings.

As to the faults of Yellow Journalism—they are numerous. But I think others can be trusted to point out these faults.

Let the mummies come out of the tombs of respectable journalism, and point their fingers at Yellow Journalism's defects. They can be trusted to do the work of criticism well and patiently.

Yellow journalists see the defects and deplore them. They remedy some of them, they neglect others in attending to more important matters.

Yellow Journalism is war, war on hypocrisy, war against class privilege, especially war against the foolishness of the crowd that will not think and will not use the weapon that it holds—the invincible ballot.

All war is noisy, unpleasant, sensational. It often lacks taste, it does things rudely sometimes.

We may say the same of Yellow Journalism.

But war and Yellow Journalism are going to be necessary for some time to come. They will not die out until all the wrongs shall have been righted, all questions settled, all men filled with respect for justice, and the rights of others.

# UNTO THE DAY.

## I.

MARTIN leaned across the dusty parapet, ridden by that singular depression which one may know in strange cities. The fervour of the August sun, giving an intolerable vividness of outline and detail to the curving perspective, did not serve to cozen his mood. The ragged gully of the Arno, sunken between the ordered stone embankments, the wider curve of parallel façades with their indefinable touch of dignity and age, the dainty miniature of Santa Maria della Spina, the crenelated pile of the old citadel behind the Ponte a Mare, gave him the sense of something known and wearied of long ago. He looked down as from an infinite height upon a group of boys shouting below. They were splashing in a shallow pool or chasing each other naked on the sands, with an abandon enviable alike for its disregard of nature and of man. Beyond, where a rivulet of the shrunken stream made some pretense of motion, a row of women knelt above their wash-boards. They beat their hapless linen with a vehemence which at such a temperature would have been preternatural had their chatter not made it miraculous. The theatrical vivacity of the people, their unaccustomed faces, their foreign speech, weighed again on Martin's humour. He rose impatiently and turned his back to the river.

The quay was hardly more engaging in the pitiless morning glare. White pavement and stucco façades danced together in the quivering silence. Scarcely a living creature was visible. A man passed with a panier-laden donkey, uttering a harsh unintelligible cry. The straw hat on the beast's head, through which two long ears protruded comically,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provided a fleeting object of interest. In the distance a woman approached. She was dressed in white, and Martin felt a personal resentment against her for not affording some contrast to the intolerable monotony of light. Had she come forth in sky-blue or bottle-green, she would have been a public benefactress, worthy the freedom of the city.

Wondering miserably what he should do with himself, Martin cast an indifferent glance at the building in front of him. It was one of the high dark-browed Tuscan *palazzi,* broad-eaved and strong-barred like the great houses of Florence. The entrance was open, giving a glimpse of a shady courtyard within. Above the massive archway was a device that attracted the young man's attention. A fragment of chain was riveted there and under it, cut in the dark stone, ran the legend:

*ALLA GIORNATA*

Martin's interest was caught. The bit of chain, the enigmatic inscription—what did they signify? He studied the open gate, the marble benches beside it, the forbidding windows, the iron torch-sconces, as if for a clew. As he did so the sound of steps intruded lightly upon his survey. Glancing about he remarked the offensive person in white. He noted, furthermore, that her offense extended to and included her shoes, but not her hair—which was dark; that she twirled a white parasol over her shoulder in the most obvious and irritating satisfaction; and that her eyes were upon him, with an expression which closely resembled amusement. At his look she turned them to the palace gate.

A moment later his resumed inspection of the writing in the stone was interrupted by the transit of the parasol. Something of the butterfly assurance with which that cloud of lace and chiffon blotted out the dusty inscription prompted Martin to wonder whether it had a secret which was denied himself. From a sudden whimsical impulse he demanded aloud:

"What does it mean?"

To his intense astonishment and no small dismay the parasol slowly turned, revealing a pair of eyes which no longer dissembled amusement. Yet it was not the parasol nor the eyes, but the owner of them who answered:

"It means everything. It means the whole of life."

Then the parasol resumed its rotatory orbit up the Lungarno Regio.

Martin stared after it, not knowing whether to be more astounded at his own temerity or at the sound of his native tongue. But everything in him cried out against the solitude of that sun-smitten quay; and he called, desperately:

"Thank you, but I wish you would be a little more explicit—considering that I have been after that formula a good many years, and don't happen to have my phrase-book about me."

The parasol hesitated, came gradually to a standstill, and once more performed an axial revolution of forty-five degrees. This time—had Martin not been too eager to perceive it—the amusement in the eyes was mingled with curiosity:

"They don't put it in phrase-books. People have to translate it for themselves."

"But I don't know Italian!" protested Martin, hastily, taking off his hat: "*Giornata*—Is it like *journée?* The day? That which happens between dark and dark?"

The lady still faced the river, looking back at him over her shoulder:

"Yes."

"And the chain!" pursued Martin: "Is it a whole chain or a broken one?"

"Whichever you like."

"'To the day'—and a chain! Why is that the whole of life?"

"Why is it not the whole of life?"

"Because it's only a part. And it's not the best part, the part that gets things done, the part that one likes to remember."

The parasol eddied lightly in the scorching sun:

"You have been reading phrase-books too much. That is exactly what it is: the best part, the part that gets things done—if things ever are done—the only part that one likes to remember. The rest is merely padding."

"But that chops things up so!" objected Martin, polemically: "And it makes too much of the chain."

"O! I beg your pardon," responded the lady, bowing slightly: "I thought it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

information you wanted." She prepared to gather up her skirts.

"I suppose you are right," admitted Martin, precipitately, "in a way. But would you really have people live just for the day?" As he stood there with his back against the baking stone of the parapet, his head uncovered to the sun, he became aware that the point of his interest had somehow shifted from the writing above the gate to its interpreter with the parasol. She was not so young, he observed, but neither—on the other hand—was she so old. He felt that he would gladly suffer a sunstroke if he could succeed in prolonging the interpretation.

The lady laughed outright:

"They do: I'm not responsible for it! But what have you against me? An inoffensive person walks down the street, at peace with all the world, when she is suddenly waylaid by a defiant young man whom she has never seen and is forced into the heat of argument—as if the sun were not bad enough already!"

Martin laughed too, albeit not so lightly, for he perceived that the interpretation was at an end:

"I beg pardon for waylaying you. I can only offer you my word that it is not my habit to go about distressing and destroying all ladies, like Sir Breuse Saunce Pitie. I suppose I fancied myself the sole person cognizant of the English language in this town, which I have never seen and which I already hate."

To his relief the lady did not take instant departure, but laughed again:

"If it comes to apologies we shall be quits. I can only beg you to believe that it is not my habit to stop and chaffer with strange gentlemen. I suppose it was the novelty of your attack that undid me. If you had begun with so harmless a remark as 'Good morning' I would have known you at once for an objectionable character, but since you immediately engaged me in the ultimate problems of existence you surprised me out of my conventions!"

"I will offer you any reparation in my power—even to the point of a card!" eagerly rejoined Martin, who detected signs of unrest in the parasol.

"I will not exact that proof of you," said the lady: "Names are necessary in complex societies only—of three or more." Although she said it lightly, she said it in a way that made Martin put back his card-case and hastily button his coat. "But you mustn't hate Pisa," she went on: "There are charming river curves in it, and narrow streets with overhanging eaves. And, if you don't mind my mentioning things which are so ordinary as to be starred by Baedeker, I know a cloister in a quiet corner of the city wall where the Middle Ages are buried. Or I could even show you the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them from the top of a tower."

"I wish you would!" burst out Martin, before he knew what he was about. The next instant, remembering the card-case, he damned himself.

But after looking across her shoulder at him for a moment she gave her parasol a jerk of decision.

"I will!" she smiled, facing him at last: "Now that I have hopelessly compromised myself it is too late to assume a forgotten dignity and sweep away with an outraged stare! Why should I not practise what I preach—*alla giornata?* I was just wondering what to do with this long hot morning. And do put your hat on. I am already smouldering, even under my parasol."

II.

They crossed the quay to a dark little alley that skirted the flank of his palace, and Martin could scarcely realize how it was that his mood had so completely changed.

"Be warned in time!" he said: "It is not too late to repent. I don't want to lure you away under false pretenses. I'm just a common tripper and I have a Baedeker in my pocket."

"I knew it!" she rejoined: "That is why I am throwing my reputation to the winds. I always wanted to know what trippers did. Do tell me!" She put down her parasol as they entered the cool of the shadow. Martin was glad, for it enabled him to see her better.

"Must I be butchered to make a Pisan holiday?" he asked. "Know then that I am on a poetical pilgrimage. I am walking—figuratively, and a trifle anachronously—in the footsteps of Shelley. Rome has known me; also Venice,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ravenna, and the Euganean Hills. I have been to Spezia; I have pensively ridden bicycles up and down behind every villa at San Terenzo, wondering which was the one; I have sailed boats on the Seno di Lerici; I have gone swimming at Viareggio; I have haunted the harbour of Leghorn; and early this morning I wheeled up here. I am now prepared to make a brief but comprehensive survey of the city and environs—particularly of the *pineta* at Bocca d'Arno. There I shall compose a sonnet, sitting with my back against a sea-viewing pine, and then I shall go home. The anatomy of tripping is laid bare before you!"

The lady laughed.

"I wish I could boast as good a reason for being here! It is the dentist that brings me." Martin noticed that she did not say from where. "But I am afraid I have thrown away my reputation for nothing. You will hardly do for a type of the hordes that pour through this country with their red books in their hands, as regular as the birds in their seasons. Why do they do it, do you suppose? Have they no lives of their own to live?"

"You are rather hard on us!" laughed Martin. They turned out of their alley, a mere crack between the houses with a strip of blue hung high above, into a cross street that led to a small square. "It is very simple. No American woman is quite happy until she has a sealskin coat and has been to Europe—and just now Europe seems to be a little more the thing, since chinchilla came in! And then there is Culture, with a large C, which is making terrific inroads among us. And then there is—'*Kennst Du das Land*'—you know? Not many of us are so lucky as to stay, like you in the different colonies." He looked at her to see how his guess would catch.

"I remember I had ideas about them once," she said in a tone that made Martin wonder. "But I know them too well now."

"What about them?"

"They have most of the characteristics of Botany Bay at its flourishing period. There are a few workers and loafers, but most of us are hiders! Don't ask me which I am!" she laughed, as Martin looked at her. "I used to think that disreputable people would be more interesting than reputable ones," she went on, "because they had at least the courage of their convictions. But I have discovered to my sorrow that they can be just as dull as anybody. Of course there are glittering exceptions. But I have even met people of the most unquestionable virtue who were really worth knowing! I have come to the sad conclusion that existing classifications do not classify."

Martin laughed with her as they went up the wider street into which their crossway had led them. But the interest which her very first word had aroused grew stronger in him than amusement. This dainty white person whom he had never seen before to-day—who was she? Where had she been, what had she done, yesterday, all the other days that went before their chance meeting by the Arno? There was something in the lightness of her remarks, in the simplicity with which she had accompanied him, that was not of common days.

The street opened out in front of them into a space of sun that widened as they advanced, disclosing the famous *piazza* with its group of white buildings under the city wall.

"Isn't it nice?" she asked. "They always remind me of a little convoy of ships becalmed—these lonely white things with their broad shadows in the sunlight. But don't look at that tower. I detest it for having tried in such a stupid way to be different from all the towers in the world. Nothing is nice about it but the view from the top. Which it is too hot to get at. Let's go over to the Campo Santo and see the shadows of the tracery on the pavement. It is always cool and old there."

She raised her parasol again and led obliquely across the great square, between the cathedral and the baptistry, to a canopied door in a low wall. Martin looked curiously about him as they went. The burnt grass between the hot flagstones gave a curious impression of the solitude of the place, of its evident separation from the life of the city, which contrasted singularly with the splendour setting it apart for one of the world's shrines of beauty. They rang at the canopied door and were admitted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was like stepping into another century—so calm, so cool, so of itself, was that resting place of the *quattrocento* in a forgotten corner of the world. Of a different quality was the very sunshine which illuminated the fresh green of the central quadrangle and threw at the feet of the archaic frescoes the outlines of the marble lace-work between the slender pillars. Martin was without words as they walked the quiet round of the cloister, noticing the faded old pictures, the sarcophagi, the bits of sculpture, the commemorative tablets. The place seemed to him part of the magic of this woman who had so unexpectedly released him from the intolerable mood of the morning.

He suddenly called her attention to one of the tablets which caught his eye. It was in old French, with a flavour of Italian, and together they picked out the quaint lettering:

*Cy gist Achilles Gvibert re Chevigny, fils de*
*Pierre Gvibert, Escvier, Sievr de Chevigny, Conseiller*
*Secretair dv Roy, Maison, Covronne de France*
*et de dame Clavde Gviet Gallard dela*
*paroisse Sainct André dela ville de Paris leqvel*
*Achilles, av sortir del Accademie et des*
*movsqvetaires dv Roy vovlovst faire le voiage*
*DItalie et sen retovrnant de Rome en France, estant*
*tombé malade a Livorne, povr changer dair se fit*
*porter en cette ville de Pise, ov, apres avoir recev*
*les saincts sacremens ordonnez par nostre mere sainct*
*eglise il movrvt et fvst enterré en ce sainct liev le*
*XXI. iovr daovst MDCLXXXIV agée de XXVI. ans*
*Priez Diev povr le salvt de son ame*
*Fait par le tres cher amy dela nation et*
*Maison de France, Labbe Gaetani archidiacre dece diocese.*

For a moment they were silent. In the stillness of that sunny place the pathos of the forgotten story seemed to live again. Then Martin put his finger to the stone:

"See!" he exclaimed. "It was the twenty-first of August, and to-day is the twenty-first!"

His companion turned her eyes to his, with a curious smile.

"And I came to show you! If I had any qualms about *les convenances* I have none now. It was appointed."

They were silent again, looking at each other and at the white tablet. There was something in the little coincidence which seemed to Martin strangely significant.

"'*Lequel Achille voulût faire le voyage d'Italie.*' How near it makes him seem, poor boy! I did not think of there being trippers then," he said with a smile. "There was no Shelley; not even a Goethe and a Mignon—two hundred and eighteen years ago!"

She made no reply at first. Then she said, softly:

"I wonder how it was with *dame* Claude. There were other things that lacked then, beside your poets. It must have taken time for the *abbé* Gaetani's letter to get to Paris."

"However it was then, it happily makes no difference now," returned Martin. A rising elation filled him, springing from the utter unexpectedness of the situation, from its picturesqueness, from the infinity of possibilities which it might promise. He was accordingly amazed at the vehemence with which his companion turned upon him.

"Why do you say that?" she exclaimed. "You who brought me here, and on this day! Have you forgotten the gateway by the river? Now is not the time. The time was when the horseman clattered up the cobble-stones of St. André and into the courtyard of the *hôtel de Chevigny;* when *dame* Claude seized the packet from the page at the door and ran with it to the *secrétaire du roi;* when he broke the seal, read the first lines of the *abbé* Gaetani, went white to the lips, looked at *dame* Claude, and turned away. It was then that it made a difference. It was then that nothing else made a difference. Things come, and then other things come. Time is only a chain to hold us to them—or away from them. It is mere chance whether it breaks all at once or by degrees. . . ."

Martin watched her keenly as she spoke, white in the shadow of the cloister,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her hair dark against the wan frescoes. There was a curious contrast between the vivid modern figure and those faded images of a life so dim and far away. And recalling the palace gate he wondered what there might be of consistency or inconsistency between what she said so lightly then and what she said so intensely now. And why? Where had she been, what had she done, yesterday, all the other days that went before their chance meeting by the Arno?

She stopped abruptly, as if reading in his eyes. Then she touched the white stone softly.

"Good-bye, Achilles," she said.

She did not speak again as they passed on. But at one of the openings into the green quandrangle a sudden impulse seized her. She stepped down into the grass and picked some crimson-tipped daisies growing there. Then she went back and laid them on top of the tablet.

"That is for *dame* Claude," she said, "and two hundred and eighteen years ago to-day."

## III.

They sat where they could follow the shining river coils that wound down out of the hills, dived under the red of the city roofs, and wound on again into the iridescent plain. Through the haze of the Maremma the glint of the sea at last began to burn, and out of the north issued ghostly the apparition of the Carrara mountains. The day had somehow flamed away, there in that leaning gallery in the corner of the city wall, where the storied marbles stood alone with their shadows—a little fleet of ships becalmed in a quiet haven of the world.

"I am like the wicked in Scripture," she said. "I love groves and high places."

"I would say rather that you were like the Empress Elizabeth," rejoined Martin. It seemed to him that they had always been there, that they would always remain there—he and this woman whose very name he did not know. In the intimacy which had been accorded him he found enough of his own experience to invest that which was to come with a poignant expectancy.

"Why am I like the Empress Elizabeth?" she asked.

"Haven't you read Christomanos?"

"What is that?"

"Your ignorance is the first gratification my vanity has had to-day!" laughed Martin. "Christomanos is the hero of one of the most charming fairy stories I know—which is the more charming for being true. It is a kind of inverted Cinderella. He was a little Greek student in the university of Vienna, who lived in a garret in an alley. You know the kind? With stair gables, and bread shops, and clothes lines? Imagine a Greek there! And one day a court carriage rumbled up, just as if it had suddenly come out of a pumpkin, and carried him off to talk Greek to the empress. The carriage came every morning after that, and he would spend the day in the imperial part at Lainz and go back at night to his stair gable. And at last he went to live in the palace altogether, and talked to the empress while she had her hair combed, and walked leagues with her, and went to Schönbrunn and Miramar and Corfu. Of course the ladies-in-waiting were scandalised, but she was used to that—and he was something of a poet."

"And after she died he wrote a book about it. Which shows how true a poet he was!"

"Wait till you read him. The thing was that people said such things about her, and he knew better; and it hurt him. Of course he couldn't help seeing the picturesqueness of it all, but he isn't nasty about it. Most of it is what she said about things."

"What did she say about things?"

Martin smiled.

"You remind me of the lady who asked Heine what he thought of Goethe!"

"I hope you won't be so rude as to answer me in Arabic—although one must respect Heine for resisting such a temptation to a lying epigram. Was the empress a Goethe?"

"Yes. And a Heine, and a Walt Whitman. And they made her wear a crown, and she wanted to pick daisies and none of it came out right."

Martin watched the profile beside him, touched faintly by the glow of the westering sun and outlined against the pallor of marble.

"Why am I like the empress, then?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lady asked, her eyes on the distant sea.

"Among other things," answered Martin, with a look of which she was unconscious, "because you like high places. Christomanos says that she always liked hills because there are so few untrampled places in the world."

"It was unkind of her to want to trample them herself, then. And your Christomanos sounds as if he lacked humour."

"I fancy he did," uttered Martin.

Something in his tone made his companion look at him.

"Don't be teased," she said. "Tell me more about them. How did it end? Did he run away, or did she send him away, or what?"

"O dear, no! The day of his going was set before he came."

"O! I begin to approve of your empress." She was silent a moment, looking out toward the sea. "How was it, do you suppose?"

"Why, she was ages older and wiser and everything else. It was only that she was terribly lonely and bored, and he could do things that she couldn't ask of a maid of honour, and was likewise *incliné à comprendre.*"

"O! And what about him?"

"He was so dazed that I don't suppose you can tell anything about him. He must have been dazed all the time—by the enormousness of the distance between them, by her tragic history, by her personality, her eyes, her hair, everything about her. And to drop out of it all—to go back to being a simple Greek student, and live in a stair gable, and be despised by bakers and washerwomen when he had been the familiar friend of their empress, must have been hard!"

"Well, he had his moment," she mused. "Did any one ever have more?"

"Likewise," chanted Martin:

> "'*Après le plaisir vient la peine;*
> *Après la peine, le bonheur!*'"

"But it's a high price," she commented, simply.

"It's worth it," asserted Martin.

"You have not sat enough upon towers!" She looked at him a moment, with a half smile, and then across the plain again. "No; it's not because this place is untrampled that I like to come here. But you can see over everybody's walls. You get some kind of proportion. And I like to think of all the people—under these roofs, in that haze. Common life is what pleases me, and common people—simple people. Our ideas for ourselves are so single. They shut out so much that might be, and they hardly ever 'come out right.' Our lives are generally made up of two or three real days, with years of waiting and remembering between. Common lives and common things are better, just as they happen, from day to day."

Martin studied her, half wondering what lay behind her words and half taken by the charm of her slow inflection. She turned under his eyes and he asked at ramdom, to cover his embarrassment:

"Do you come here often, for the tower?"

"Not very. I have one of my own, near Naples, where I have sat much and seen many things."

"Think of having a tower near Naples! And I have to sail in a month!"

"Would you like to exchange?" she asked, smiling.

"Wouldn't I!"

"Very well, we will!" she said, playfully. "I will throw in a view of the city and the bay, with a bit of Pozzuoli, and a big garden, and all the statues you can talk to, and an olive orchard that runs down hill to the sea, and a frog pond. . . "

"There are worse things!" interrupted Martin.

"What?" she demanded, eyeing him curiously.

"New England!" he exclaimed, with a laugh.

"I suppose you will think so," she rejoined, gravely, "until you have sat by yourself in a tower and listened to frogs in a pond. For that matter, though, the frogs are what I like best." She looked out again across the Maremma. The sea began to widen in the sunset, toward which the Arno ran in links of brightening fire. "No," she said at last. "It is not for us."

"What?" he asked.

"This!" she answered, waving her hand against the golden space before them. "We are of the north. We belong to mist and pallor and dreams. Here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they have no dream. What is there left for them to dream about? They live. But we don't know how to live. We are always waiting—or remembering."

"As a background, however, I would prefer Campania to Vermont!"

"No, it is not for us," she repeated. "Our roots are not here; how can we grow? But it is curious how it catches us all, and how it is typical of desire fulfilled. What does one ever really attain, really possess? Things are too great or too unresponsive, and always too mysterious. Even a little gem that you can hold in your hand and never let escape, how much is it yours—that strange indifferent fire? There is no possession. Instead of getting something else we lose something of ourselves. After all, people like Achilles down there are happiest, who live their moment so intensely that they lose themselves all at once instead of by slow shreds and patches. The moment is everything. After that——" She put her hand to her cheek with a motion of weariness. Then she suddenly looked at Martin and laughed. "Do you see that sun? I presume the police have already been notified of my disappearance! I must beg your pardon for having given you such a day of it, and ask you to take me down."

She sprang to her feet and Martin followed, reluctantly.

"I suppose I shall wake up," he said, as they descended the winding steps, "and find that you were a dream. When I feel as I do, that I have known you all my life, and then reflect that twelve hours ago I had never set eyes on you—that even now I know no more about you than that you have a tower in Posillipo—I am inclined to doubt the so-called realities of existence."

Again she laughed.

"Why? The actual matter of prolonged passions has occupied less time! I don't see what more I could possibly tell you. The rest would be merely frills. But people waste so much time in these things. Don't you think so? They miss so many chances, waiting for each other to begin and manœuvring each other to the proper point. That is why I came with you this morning, because you lost no time. Think how different it would have been if you had not waylaid me so unpardonably!"

Martin did think so. The consciousness of it suddenly overwhelmed him as they came out into the deserted square and crossed to the Via Santa Maria. He would not even have looked back, but for his companion.

"See!" she cried.

The dome of the baptistery, the roof of the cathedral, the top of the tower where they had been, were alight with a delicious rose glow which contrasted extraordinarily with the cold white in the lower shadow. The spectacle was to Martin symbolic and revealing. He saw as if apart from himself the romance of their day. Could it really have been he to whom this adventure had fallen? He glanced furtively at his companion. Was she the intimate stranger with whom he had been? It pleased him that he had known herself before knowing things about her. There would be so much more significance in making last the steps of acquaintance which usually come first. But she looked weary, and a thousand uncertainties, a thousand concerns, assailed him. He could not find courage to say the things which rose to his lips. His thoughts, however, wove themselves into a tissue of dreams.

So they went silently down the crooked street which at last left them on the Lungarno Regio. Martin hardly knew where he was. Through the gateway between the houses where the Arno wound out to the plain the splendour of sunset streamed into the city, touching the ancient façades with a fairy glamour, filling the sandy river bed with undreamed secrets of colour, transmuting the parcelled water into purple and gold. The quay where Martin had that morning discovered two persons was crowded with carriages and pedestrians enjoying the cool of the day. The theatrical vivacity of the people, their unaccustomed faces, their foreign speech, gave a new poignancy to his mood of exaltation.

One of the carriages in the slow progress caused some confusion by driving out of line. Martin noticed the handsome horses, the correct footman, the old lady with a black parasol. She eyed him narrowly as the victoria drove up to the curb.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He called the attention of his companion, who was looking toward the river.

She turned.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a bow and a smile to the lady in the carriage, "I am afraid I must go." He looked blankly into her eyes as she hesitated a moment. "It was a nice day! It was so long since I had seen anybody. And the cloister—that was nice. I shall always think of you there. It would have been so different if we had not been ready! Good-bye, Achilles."

The footman held open the emblazoned door.

"Good-bye—Elizabeth!" said Martin, too dazed to think or utter more.

The door clicked, the footman leaped to his box, the coachman started the horses. Beside the black parasol a white one went up, hiding the figure behind it. Martin's first impulse was to follow, to see where the carriage went. He began to walk hastily in the direction it had taken, watching the two parasols. Then he stopped and turned resolutely away. *"Lequel Achille voulût faire le voyage d'Italie,"* he said to himself. *"Priez pour le salut de son âme."*

Wondering miserably what he should do with himself, Martin cast an indifferent glance at the building in front of him. It was one of the high, dark-browed Tuscan *palazzi,* broad-eaved and strong-barred like the great houses of Florence. The entrance was closed. Above the massive archway was a device that attracted the young man's attention. A fragment of chain was riveted there and under it, cut in the dark stone, ran the legend:

*ALLA GIORNATA*

*Harry Griswold Dwight.*

---

# THE DIALECTIC OF FANCY.

IT was the perennial joy of a professor of philosophy under whom I once worked to poke fun at the Hegelians. On a time, he made Hegel the topic of a talk—doubtless to a women's club, for there were fair auditors; and at the close, one of them besought: "Doctor, won't you give me the gist of Hegel in a word?" His response: "The very *Idea!*" was a neat turn, though, as the case proved, ineffectual. Hence it is, that I have long possessed an inner and uncompromising conviction of the deadly incompatibility of humour and Hegelianism—Hegelianism *an sich,* as being-for-itself.

My professor's concern as to my own philosophical future took the form of reproof for an incipient lack of seriousness in matters metaphysical. This weakness, I rejoice to say, is now lived down, and yet at a cost (with blushes confessed) of coy rapprochement with Hegelianism. You see it is necessary to save one's metaphysical face; one really must proffer a front of cosmical solemnity. I prided myself—as how else should a philosopher?—on a certain syllogistic inevitableness and ratiocinative certitude in the devious engineering of thoughts. Whence conceive my mental anguish, forced to recognise not only an unconquerable appetite for Carrolline nonsense (*per se* not so bad, since nonsense *qua* non-sense is the indispensable "other" of sense), but also to a dire passion for all those impalpable wizardries of rhyme which yield to no syllogism and submit to no deft extraction of reason.

Herein—is it not plain?—lies the very damnation of reason and the hapless fall of logical ambition. Not all the rules of all the schools . . . ah, but Hegelianism! Indeed, the salvation is temptingly irresistible: Being (*Sein*), obsessed with its own nude futility (as identical with *Nichtsein*), goes a-grailing after its Other (*Anderssein*); it encounters but the determined cold Reality (*Dasein*); and so sinks back (*sich an sich selbst*) to sad self-realisation in the Idea (*die selbstbestimmte Idee*).

Is it not the veritable dialectic of fancy? For on the morrow and the morrow and the morrow there are other and yet other Others to be sought, with the Absolute Idea ever a winless Grail.

After one has long unavailingly pursued, it becomes positive rest to know that all pursuit is vain. Sooner or later

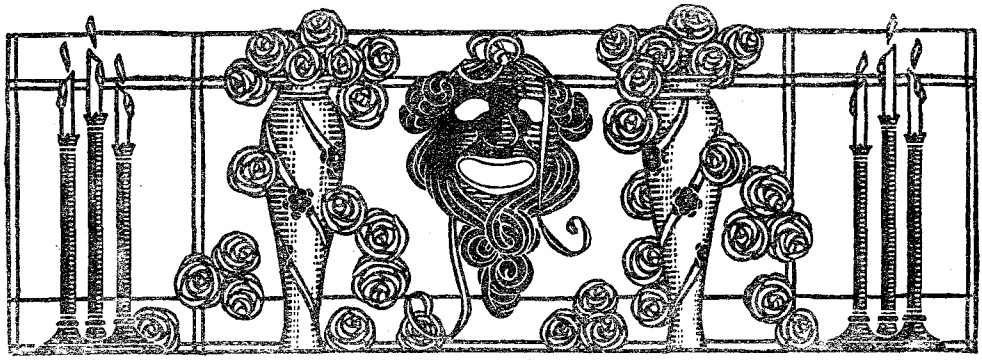
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every metaphysician is beset with the weariness of words. He has toiled with ideas (only the unfeeling say "juggled") and has bewildered himself with those close-shorn terms which the logicians dotingly label exact, until he begins to yearn for the accommodating looseness of the plain man's speech and the genial irrelevance of the common man's common sense. He comes horribly to suspect that the whole system of nameable ideas is only a stilted and conventionalised mental etiquette—rather a cure for thinking than its instrument. And in sooth, is it not absurd: this attempt to bound one's world with a definition and indite in cold blood the message of one's life? Only the daftest logomaniac could put up with it.

Besides there is that exasperating sense of imminent significance. There is a richness and glory and marvel in the world, beyond present sight and touch to be sure, but surely seeable, surely graspable! On the verge of the great realisation, atiptoe with big expectancy, living already the more vivid life in the foreglow of its wonder, one is gloriously convinced of the attainment of ineffable, unutterable wisdoms. What, then, this encumbering Now and Here? No more than the darkness of yon Reality; the jargon of the schools, no more than apish chatter, and we philosophers the gibberingest of shades!

In the glow of a mood like that, the toil of names and ideas shrivels and warps, and the haughtiest logical pride is humbled. Salvation at any source is not to be scoffed, and if Hegelianism suffice. . . . For conceive: You, or I, or, let us say, *X*—*X*, then, is a hatching chick, in a shell oppressively close-fitting, but innerly luminous with opalescent promise of vast cosmic altitudes outside. So *X*, in his downy exuberance, pecks and batters, seemingly reducing mighty obstacles, but all the time wearing his poor beak blunt. Finally, *wall*-consciousness is all that is left; the opal glory infinitely fades; and *X*—jelly that he is!—sinks back to doleful realisation of hopeless bipedality. Have we not here the true *Momenta* of the dialectic? Pricked to consciousness of one's Other, one pursues that Other, until—such is the transmuting virtue of desire—one becomes its very self. If at this juncture, one finds that one's old self, self-estranged, is become the Other of one's Other, and giddy with self-diremption, one succumbs to the sickening swoop back to self-realisation, still there is always a comforting other Other radiantly challenging chase—for the egg is yet to hatch.

Indeed, it is a snug formula. With it, secure of logical integrity, there are long sunny lazinesses to be daddled away and meaningful I-know-not-what's to be solved. *Quæstio subtilissima, utrum chimæra in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones.* Surely it is a delectable question; and why may not *X*, too—lazily bombinating in the sun—have a wholesome, honest appetite for objects of reflection quite irrespective of their categories? *H. B. Alexander.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE AMERICAN NOVEL

AT the appearance of a new novel in this country the critics seem to hold their breath—perchance this may be the American Novel. It is a sort of a promised Messiah which some maintain has already arrived while others look forward hopefully to its advent. That the American Novel must be written seems to be a foregone conclusion. And yet, the seasons come and go, the Six Best Sellers rise and fall, young authors grow old, and we still hear the eager cry, When, O, when will the American Novel come!

This Messianic hope is cherished not because the critics feel that there are certain American characteristics, phases of life, national problems, which must find expression in fiction but merely because they know, or they think they know, that there are French and Russian and German novels, hence the American Novel. For just as we imitate manners and customs so do we likewise conceive ideas according to standard patterns. One straight line given, we draw another line parallel to it. Moreover, the American often looks for the first line in the Old World and places the other accordingly. This is not a sign of lack of originality, but rather an indication of conservatism. All rampant statements to the contrary notwithstanding, the American is not radical; far from it. Not only as regards modes of living but even in matters touching belief and ideas. So is the idea of the American Novel an imported product; it was smuggled in between the covers of foreign novels.

Novels—such as are worthy of the name—are the interpretation of thought, of action, of situations, emanating from man. Without the thought, the action, or the situation no novel can come into existence. True novels, no less than landscape paintings, are mere copies. The true artist in fiction is he who copies most truthfully. Literary art lies in copying, not in creating. The trained artist may give a better finish to his work, but no novelist, however ingenious, ever creates. Shakespeare never created, nor did Balzac. It therefore often happens that two great masters unconsciously produce the same character, but from different points of view, which largely depends on the writer's temperament and visuary power. By means of genius, known as the creative faculty, a novelist may disclose or portray phases of human nature hitherto unknown or unobserved, but no novelist, however romantic, ever creates; and the novels purely creative, like those of Marie Corelli, do not come within the classic definition of either novel or romance. The term creation as applied to writers of fiction signifies the act of reproducing, not of producing.

Novels of all countries fall in two classes: national and cosmopolitan. The former possesses the characteristics of the latter plus certain other elements. They have in common human passions, but the class I categorise as national becomes such by reason of its distinctiveness and individuality. In other words, a character, or a group of characters for that matter, is national only when it retains its indentitv even by a change of "local colour." For characters in books may have French or German names, may drink wine or beer, as may become their national habits, and still be cosmopolitan. Nor do novels belong to one class or the other simply because their authors are English or Russian; the beings that people the books are the sole criterion. King Lear is no more English than Père Goriot is French. Both of these characters are mere actors in the human comedy. They are universal, cosmopolitan if you will. Père Goriot, in fact, is the complement, so to speak, of King Lear. The embryonic conception of both of these comedies, or tragedies, is the same. But while Shakespeare emphasised the ingratitude and selfishness of the daughters, Balzac focused his camera upon the paternal affections, which amounted to a passion, leaving the daughters somewhat in the background. The characters differ only in station, in rank, in costume, but the characteristics aimed at by both of these masters are neither restrictive to their countries or to their nationalities;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their faults and virtues are such as do not typify the class of people they come from; they belong to all countries and all races; they are simply species of humanity. The characters could be changed around and Goriot could be English and Lear French.

Another illustration is presented in Madam Bovary and Anna Karenina. I couple these two for the same reason I have joined King Lear and Père Goriot; both stand for the same thing. Flaubert and Tolstoy struck the same tune on different instruments; both painted the same picture with different background. Guilty passion and female character are the keynote of these two novels. However, not the guilty passion and female character of a French or Russian woman, but simply of woman. Furthermore, a close analysis proves one the prototype of the other; they are moved by the same impulses, actuated by the same causes, tried by the same circumstances; their fatal endings are also similar. Hence the moral, if there is one, is the same. Here again, as in the case of Goriot and Lear, the social stations of the characters differ. That is, the frames are of different material, the picture is the same. By a mere rearrangement Madam Bovary could turn Russian and Anna Karenina French. Owing to her race, Anna is more impulsive than Madam Bovary, the latter more fickle than the former, but these differences are mere artistic touches, not a part of the raw material. The characters laid bare are almost identical. They are identical, because they were not intended by their copyists to represent Russian and French women as national types but simply as types of women.

In fact, a glance at the galaxy of characters in the dramas of Shakespeare and in the novels of Balzac—perhaps the two best representatives of fiction—reveals only too clearly that none of their productions are national. They merely arranged their characters in clothes fitting the time, place, and occasion, but stripped from their disguise they remain types of mankind, neither French nor English.

On the other hand there are characters and novels peculiarly national. These possess qualities inherent to them by reason of the people of whom they are a part. They cannot be modified or transplanted and thus become naturalised. As a striking illustration I shall refer to the characters of Gogol, one of the greatest of Russian novelists. The three books that represent his genius most saliently are *Dead Souls, The Government Inspector,* and *Taras Bulba.* All of them are distinctly Russian. They speak as only Russians would, live as Russians, love as Russians, hate as Russians, even laugh as Russians. You cannot disguise them; their Russian nature will always crop out. They are not types of men but are types of Russians. The same can be said of most of Turgenieff's and Dostoyeffski's novels, and still more emphatically of *Foma Gordyéff* by Maxim Gorky. The scenes, the incidents, the characters, the situations, even their very passions, are distinctly Russian. In French literature we must go to George Sand, and in a few instances to Balzac, to find French novels. Maupassant is only French in style and in detail, but the conception of his characters is cosmopolitan; for he probed into the mysteries of heart and brain, and the heart and brain belong to all countries and all climes.

However, no novel is national in the sense that our critics are apt to use when speaking of the American Novel—a sort of gigantic creation the embodiment of everything American. In this sense there has never been a French, Russian, or German novel. There were only fragments of the English Novel or of the French Novel, like volumes of a complete set, the sum total represented a national character.

Now, what are the features that make novels national? Only such characteristics in a people that no other people possess; or a national event or problem that finds expression in fiction. For in discussing fiction we really discuss man and woman. Fiction is the mirror in which peoples and times are reflected. So when we speak of the Russian or English novel we mean the Russian people and the English people.

But not all people are national. By national here I mean the possession of peculiar characteristics different from characteristics of other people. For nationalism in the strict sense of the term

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a relic of barbarism. I do not mean the nationalism which is synonymous to patriotism; I refer to that nationalism which inculcates ideas of seclusion as regards modes of living from other people who are equally human, equally civilised, equally cultured. Nationalism in the former sense is simply the love that knits together the members of a family, while the latter—though it is still regarded by some as a virtue—is but a crude conception of humanity and a feeling altogether foreign to true culture. A country's civilisation can be measured by the latter kind of nationalism. The more a people makes for progress the less it is national; it drifts toward cosmopolitanism. China and Turkey are typically national; Japan, progressive, more cultured, is less national. Of European nations Russia is the most national, because, generally speaking, it is less civilised than her sister countries. Following this analysis, we can readily see why the United States is growing more and more cosmopolitan. While it is true that America does not surpass England or France in artistic refinement and bookish culture, it is nevertheless true that the United States appreciates more keenly the rights of man and his duties, and such an appreciation is the very height of civilisation. In other words, the American is instinctively interested only in one issue—the issue of life; life in the broader sense, which comprises a righteous, ethical existence and the effort to obtain such existence. There may be certain phases in the make-up of this nation which might justly be termed American, yet as compared with other nations it is cosmopolitan. For the true democratic liberal spirit is cosmopolitan.

Consequently, since the novel is the mere echo of the people, the echo cannot differ much from the voice that produces it. The novel can only be national to the extent that the people are national. As concrete illustrations I shall take up Russian and American novels. I have chosen these two because they represent two extremes. Of course in considering novels I shall only take notice of those coming from representative novelists.

The representative novelists of Russia are Gogol, Dostoyeffski, Turgenieff, and Tolstoy; Maxim Gorky may perhaps be added as the latest exponent. It is more difficult, however, to name American representative novelists. Not so much because of their disparaging inferiority by the side of the Russians, but because of their unsustained art as masters of fiction; like unsteady lights they come out twinkling, then grow dim, and for a minute flicker again. With the exception of Hawthorne there is no American novelist who could be decorously entitled representative. In the case of the Russians I have mentioned each of them stands for a distinct feature in the art of fiction, but no American, with the one exception named, has followed up a definite phase of fiction. However, for the purpose of drawing a parallel to the other class, we shall name Cooper, Hawthorne, James, and Howells; and as a set-off against Gorky add James Lane Allen, who is most likely to stand aloof as an American representative of the finer art in fiction.

All of these Russian novelists have written the Russian Novel; and they have done so because Russia as a nation has had something to tell, something to interpret, some problems to solve. In ancient Judea each period produced the prophet it needed. Isaiah was the product of his time, Jeremiah of his, and Ezekiel of his. In the same sense the great novelist is the product of his age and country. The supply of good fiction meets the need, not the demand. This is the reason why France and England had greater novelists during the past generation than at present.

Russia has ever been vexed with live issues, most serious problems. The issues and problems were of a nature that concerned her alone; they were national troubles. With the dawning of civilisation Russia began to observe, to feel, to question. That is, the mighty nation needed interpreters, so the feeling of the people found expression through her gifted sons. Gogol was the product of his time. The evil of serfdom was then at its height and Russian civilisation had not yet advanced far enough to hide its corruption to the extent it does now. So Gogol's genius, or rather the voice of the people that echoed through him, exposed the evil of slavery and corruption by his brilliant satire—peculiarly Russian satire—in the character of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tchitchikoff in *Dead Souls;* then came the *Revizor,* or the Government Inspector, a satirical drama so distinctly Russian that readers who are not thoroughly familiar with the Russian people and Russian government can neither appreciate nor understand it. Later came Dostoyeffski and Turgenieff. They were the spokesmen of the second half of the last century. Nihilism and Culture were the chief problems then, so we find their canvas filled with pictures of Nihilism and Culture. Tolstoy, however, addresses a larger audience; although he speaks from a Russian platform he raises his voice loud enough for the benefit of those who do not stand near enough. Hence, his tone frequently rings cosmopolitan. And the very last, Maxim Gorky, possessing the virility as well as the courage of Dostoyeffski, with a heart beating for his enslaved people, adds new chapters to the Russian Novel.

America, on the other hand, has never had issues or problems such as concern her alone; her problems and issues are simply human problems, human issues. The only great national problem was that of Slavery; it then found expression through *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* as soon as this problem was solved there was no more need for Mrs. Stowe's prophecy, and her voice as an interpreter of life was hushed. Since then there were no national problems; that is, the problems we term national are universal; there is nothing in the national life of this country that must needs give expression through novels. The trust problem and that of capital and labour are universal problems, human problems; the tendency of certain Americans toward an aristocracy is not serious enough to give vent to genius as an interpreter of this apery; should it become threatening an American Gogol will surely arise. So these weak problems give rise to weak novelists, weak novels. In Hawthorne we find an abundance of artistic expression, romantic vision, and flawless purity of style, but not the writer of the American Novel. He is only American—I had almost said New English—in atmosphere, the rest is cosmopolitan. *The Scarlet Letter* is not an American Novel; it only has American background; but background alone does not make a novel national. Of Cooper there is little to say, for after all he is merely an extravaganza, belonging nowhere. Henry James is an avowed cosmopolitan. Howells has for almost half a century made a valiant effort to do for American literature what Turgenieff did for Russian, but alas! all he has accomplished is an acquisition of the Russian master's buoyancy, but as to richness of colour, depth, the romantic expression of youth, artistic finish, the American Dean is still a mere pupil who has much to learn. However, as I have said, the fault is not in Mr. Howells, it is in the American people. Mr. Howells has indefatigably tried to write the American Novel, but he sadly missed the point that the American Novel cannot be written. And where Mr. Howells has failed James Lane Allen has succeeded; perhaps because he never aimed at the American Novel. If Mr. Allen had written *The Kentucky Cardinal* only, without writing another line, his claim to a seat among the Great would have been warranted. The reason of his success is his consciousness of his limitation.

The critics' cry for the American Novel is simply the longing for an American Novelist. Not one to write the American Novel, but a novelist to write human novels such as Balzac did and Maupassant and Turgenieff and Auerbach and Dickens and Thackeray—a novelist who does not ponder how to make a book of the Six Sellers—a novelist to copy nature and thus teach and amuse at the same time—a novelist to whom humanity and art are one. When, O, when will the American Novelist come!

*Ezra S. Brudno.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

AN esteemed subscriber in Chicago has a fatal fondness for bibliographical information. This is her letter:

I am trying to obtain information concerning certain books in which I am interested. I should like to know how many editions of Shakespeare have been published and the names of the publishers. Can you tell me? My reason for wishing to know is that I should like to find out how much money has been spent for copies of Shakespeare in England and America, or in America alone.

I shall be very grateful for any information you can give me concerning this.

The lady probably does not realise the immensity of the sea upon which she is embarking. To give her the information that she requires, even in a condensed form, we should have to get out a supplement. By way of opening her eyes, we venture to refer her to the following works relating to the subject of Shakespearean bibliography: Thimm, *Shakespeareana* (1871); *Shakespeareana,* published by the British Museum (1897); and the catalogue of the Barton Collection in the Boston Public Library.

II.

Our correspondent in Evansville, Ind., who had trouble with a literary syndicate, as described by him last month, continues his pursuit of knowledge.

To the Editor of the LETTER BOX:

I beg that you will accept my sincere thanks for your kindness in answering my letter through the Letter Box of THE BOOKMAN.

You will probably remember that I asked your advice about sending a story to a magazine, which had already appeared in a syndicate sheet. Your answer was to the effect that unless the story was copyrighted by the publishers of the sheet I had a perfect right to offer it elsewhere.

They claim that their sheet is copyrighted, and their printed matter describing this sheet says: "The fact that one sheet is copyrighted does not destroy the author's right to republish his manuscripts in book form, nor to *copyright* them in his own or his publisher's name."

As I am not familiar with the ground which copyrighting covers, I would like to ask you if it is possible to copyright manuscripts more than once. I am hoping that, after all, this sheet is really not copyrighted and that this may prove a loophole.

I would like to say further that I wrote these people, when I learned that my manuscript had not been accepted by any one to whom their sheet was sent, that I intended to offer it elsewhere, and in the answer I received they did not refer to this part of my letter at all. Does it not appear plausible that they would have warned me against doing this, if they had felt justified in doing so?

Answering this letter as concisely as possible we would say:

(1) If the "syndicate sheet" is copyrighted you can determine that fact by examining it to see whether or not the statement that it is copyrighted appears in it, as required by law.

(2) If it has been copyrighted you can publish your story on your own account only in case you have a written agreement with the syndicate to that effect.

(3) If the syndicate should give up its copyright to you, you could copyright the story again in your own name.

(4) If the syndicate sheet is not copyrighted and your story is published without any copyright protection, no subsequent copyrighting of it would protect your interests; since anyone would be at liberty to republish it.

III.

The following bit of special criticism comes from Bryn Mawr and explains itself.

Dear BOOKMAN:

Truly the blind have not ceased to lead the blind. In your May number "B. H." says, apropos of Miss Margery Williams's novel: "No Bryn Mawr girl gets a 'first in Euclid,' but an 'excellent in geometry.'" A Bryn Mawr girl gets "high credit in geometry;" that is, a few of her do.

Sincerely yours,
BRYN MAWRTYR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## IV.

The following letter is also self-explanatory.

The Editor of the LETTER BOX:

In the April Letter Box appears a note from a Cantab. B. A. anent the use of English in Yankee speech. "We (i.e. Englishmen) have not yet got," says the Cantabrigian, "to . . . . . the delectable and all-pervading barbarism of 'gotten.'" In which statement he of Cambridge is in error, as he would know had he not forgotten (or forgot) S. Butler's *Hudibras*. In Part I, Canto 3, of that poem the "vandalism" is committed. Perpend:

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active ranting, etc.

The rhyme seems a bit forced—a vandalism, in fact, even for satire.

D. L. H., B. A. Yalen.

## V.

An individual in Brewster, N. Y., sends us two pages of miscellaneous criticism. He also informs us that he does not take THE BOOKMAN himself, but that he occasionally receives sample copies from the publishers, and it is these sample copies that he is criticising. We don't approve of a person who knows us only through the medium of sample copies, and therefore, we pass him by unanswered.

## VI.

Another individual sends us a cleverly vituperative poem which we should like to print were it not for the fact that it mentions names, a thing which we regard as exceedingly bad form, especially when the names are those of the editors of THE BOOKMAN.

## VII.

A Western person, whom we take to be a cowboy with literary intervals, sends us a letter plentifully besprinkled with profanity. As the letter itself is written about nothing in particular, we infer that he has sent it just out of curiosity to see whether we will publish it or not. We don't mind gratifying curiosity, and therefore we remark, as we pass along, that we shall not publish it.

## VIII.

The gentleman in Denver, whose Soul has Polka Dots, and who was honoured last month in being made the subject of a poem by Miss Carolyn Wells, retaliates as follows:

Dear LETTER BOX:

After thinking it over I have decided to remain. My reasons are somewhat as follows:

I stand in the door of my little shack,
And pensively gaze toward the setting sun,
Wishing, alas! I could go way back,—
Way back to—New Jersey, and then sit down;
For I see it written—"Misunderstood,"
And my doll seems stuffed in a straw way,
For 'tis not to laugh when one gets the gaff
From the Ready Rhymer of Rahway.

I thought when I penned that harmless note,—
The lady will surely see
That under the breast of my cowboy coat
Is a heart that beats for She;—
But they say the result is ever the same
When one tries to butt into another man's game.

I became so tired of looking on
That I thought I would take a hand—
(It is awfully slow being chaperon!)
But I never shall have the sand
To buy a stack and play the same
Since She has called me that horrible name.
Still, I stand as before in my cabin door
And look toward the setting sun;
And I have to confess that it tickles me more
Than most anything I have done;—
For I got a rise—(to my great surprise)—
In a manner by no means otherwise
Than those who angle in Norway;—
Just a nibble slight
From the Editor bright,
A gentle tug form the Soul with a Stripe,
But the hardest kind of a good, hard bite
From the Ready Rhymer of Rahway!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE BOOK MART

## READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

### New York.

**Appleton:**

College Training and the Business Man. By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

In this book, Dr. Thwing considers the business man in general administration, in banking, in transportation, in insurance, and in human relations.

Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour. By the author of "Handley Cross" and "Jorrock's Jaunts."

This edition, founded on the one published in 1853 by Bradbury and Evans, is illustrated with ninety wood-cuts by John Leech and thirteen coloured plates.

The Complete Angler. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton.

A new edition embellished with engravings on copper and wood. These two volumes belong to the series of classics which the Messrs. Appleton are republishing from old editions.

**Baker and Taylor Company:**

Social Progress. A Year Book and Encyclopædia of Economic, Industrial, Social, and Religious Statistics. 1904. Josiah Strong, Editor.

This work will be issued annually on March first. Dr. Strong is well known as head of the American Institute for Social Service.

**Barnes and Company:**

The House in the Woods. By Arthur Henry.

The story of a country home which the author has made for himself in the Catskill Mountains. Mr. Henry will be recalled as the author of that charming little book, "An Island Cabin."

The Journey of Coronado. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, by George Parker Winship.

The first volume in a series, entitled "The Trail Makers," of which Prof. John Bach McMaster is the consulting editor. This journey of Coronado, the first explorer of the West, as told by himself, took place in 1540-42 from the City of Mexico to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and the Buffalo Plains of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska.

**Brentano's:**

The Quintessence of Ibsenism. By G. Bernard Shaw.

This little book of Shaw's estimate of Ibsen was published in England a few years ago. In his preface the author states that this work "is not a critical essay on the poetic beauties of Ibsen, but simply an exposition of Ibsenism."

Tristan and Isolde. By Louis K. Anspacher.

A dramatic poem in five acts, founded upon the famous legend.

**Century Company:**

Four Roads to Paradise. By Maud Wilder Goodwin.

There are four men in this novel who are admirers of the charming young widow, whose love seems the paradise which they all desire. One of the men is rector of a fashionable church in New York, another a physician and scientist, while the other two are lawyers. Mrs. Goodwin may be recalled as the author of "White Aprons" and "The Head of a Hundred."

Roof and Meadow. By Dallas Lore Sharp.

A nature story of city streets and country byways by the author of "Wild Life Near Home," which John Burroughs commended so highly at the time of its publication.

**Cooke (Robert Grier):**

A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin. By Francis Aymar Mathews.

A collection of short stories, some of which have already been dramatised. It is said that Robert Lorraine is to star in "A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin" in the autumn. Mrs. Mathews is the author of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My Lady Peggy Goes to Town" and "Pamela Congreve," and as she has a keen dramatic instinct the stories from her pen are usually written with an eye on the stage.

**Dodd, Mead and Company:**

The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper.

This work, which as a serial ran through seven numbers of this magazine last year, appears in book form very much expanded in text and illustration. It has been the aim of the authors to present the great events of the most striking hundred years of all times from an entirely new point of view. Thus, Austerlitz, or the Crimean War, or the Emancipation Proclamation are shown not as they are viewed to-day by the conventional historian, but as they left immediate impressions upon the passions of the moment. This subject is so wonderfully rich in material that the man or men who undertook to cover it thoroughly would have to give twenty years of labour and many thousand miles of travel to the task.

Japan. Described by Great Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

Miss Singleton calls this a "bird's-eye view of Japan," and in the book she publishes nearly fifty articles by men of high authority. They are divided under the following headings: The Country and the Race, History and Religion, Places and Monuments, Manners and Customs, Arts and Crafts, Modern Japan.

Charm and Courtesy in Conversation. By Frances Bennett Callaway.

The title explains quite clearly the aim of this little book.

Saga of the Oak. By William H. Venable.

There are a number of poems in this collection, and the subjects are varied.

Outlines of the History of Art. By Wilhelm Lübke, Professor at the Polytechnic Institute and at the Art School in Stuttgart. Edited, minutely revised, largely rewritten and brought up to the present time by Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D.

A standard work of art in two large volumes, richly illustrated. Each volume contains a table of contents, a general index of subjects and artists, and a separate index of illustrations.

Pamela Congreve. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

A romantic and theatrical novel of old London. It is in somewhat the same vein as the author's earlier story, "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town."

My Commencement.

A book uniform with "Books I Have Read and Plays I Have Seen." It provides for the keeping of a record of commencement days, places being provided for an account of the exercises, brief sketches of the teachers, classmates, newspaper clippings, etc.

**Doubleday, Page and Company:**

Poems That Every Child Should Know. Edited by Mary E. Burt.

The editor and compiler of this little volume has made very wise selections in that she has chosen the poems which children really love. They are nearly all short enough for children to commit to memory. The publishers have also very wisely placed the book at a low figure, ninety cents net.

How to do Bead-Work. By Mary White.

An illustrated monograph on bead-work by the author of "How to Make Baskets." Miss White explains effectively the work achieved by the Indian bead-workers.

**Fox, Duffield and Company:**

The Folly of Others. By Neith Boyce.

A volume of short stories by a writer whom THE BOOKMAN welcomed most cordially when her fist book, "The Forerunner," appeared. There are but nine stories in the present collection; the first one, "A Provident Woman," is an excellent study of two commonplace girls. A review will appear in a forthcoming number.

**Fenno and Company:**

Trusts Versus The Public Welfare. By H. C. Richie.

A study of Trusts in the present day, including remarks on the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Havemeyer and the Tariff, the Distilling Company of America, the Otis Elevator Company, and the Protective Tariff.

Modern Arms and a Feudal Throne. By T. Milner Harrison.

A tale of romance and adventure of an unexplored sea. The story opens on board a ship in the Pacific Ocean in February, 1891.

**Funk and Wagnalls Company:**

The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena. By I. K. Funk.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About a year ago a New York daily published a story entitled "The Finding of the Widow's Mite Through the Spirit of Henry Ward Beecher." This statement created considerable comment, and Dr. Funk published a letter in which he announced that he was making an exhaustive examination of the facts and that he would publish a book on the subject of psychic phenomena. This work is the result of that promise.

**Grafton Press:**

Forestfield. By Robert Thomson Bentley.

A story of the South before and during the Civil War. The scene is laid in the Tennessee Valley, and the author gives a picture of slave stealing and slave selling, and of the devastation which followed the war.

**Harper and Brothers:**

The Inventions of the Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs.

The Idiot, one of Mr. Bangs's best-known characters, boards at Mrs. Smithers-Pedagog's "High-Class Home for Single Gentlemen," and with these boarders he holds discussions on the betterment of the human race.

Later Adventures of Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell.

It is just about a year since Wee Macgreegor come over the water to amuse the American readers, and in this second volume Mr. Bell continues his stories of the small Scotch laddie. Further mention may be found under this month's Chronicle.

The Steps of Honour. By Basil King.

Mr. King, the author of that divorce novel, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," has chosen Harvard College and Cambridge as the background for his new story. It deals principally with an act of plagiarism committed by a college instructor, which act leads to a termination of his love affair. A review appears elsewhere in this number.

**Holt and Company:**

The Transgression of Andrew Vane. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

This last novel by the late Mr. Carryl deals, as did "Zut," with the American Colony in Paris. The book will be reviewed later. Mr. Carryl died just as the book was going to press.

Uncle Mac's Nebrasky. By W. R. Lighton.

Mr. Lighton's new story is written in the form of an autobiography. Uncle Mac, a genuine Westerner, went from Indiana to Nebraska in 1855, and in the yarns that he tells he exhibits considerable humour and philosophy. Mr. Lighton's earlier story, "The Ultimate Moment," was also a novel of the West.

The Micmac. By S. Carleton.

A novel founded upon a short story entitled "The Ribboned Way," which appeared in "Ainslee's Magazine." The Micmac swamp in Nova Scotia is the principal scene of action, for it is in this swamp that the hero chooses to camp out.

In the Dwellings of the Wilderness. By C. Bryson Taylor.

The adventures of three American engineers who explore the heart of an Egyptian desert. There is mystery in the tale as well as a thrill or two.

The Romance of Piscator. By Henry Wysham Lanier.

Another tale of adventure of an entirely different order. It is dedicated to "every one who has harkened to the siren song of the reel." Young Piscator's heart is divided between his love of fishing and his love of the Peri, and there are a number of amusing situations.

Introduction to Economics. By Henry Rogers Seager.

The author of this volume is Adjunct Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University. In his preface, he says: "I have tried to explain the productivity theory of distribution and have made free use of the writings of my honoured colleague, Professor Clark." The introductory sketch touches upon the rise and progress of modern industry in England and in the United States.

Napoleon the First. A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Margaret Bacon Corwin and Arthur Dart Bissell. Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne.

A brief history published in one volume, accompanied by a classified bibliography. Professor Bourne says that he has made no change in M. Fournier's text with the exception of a few of minor character.

Aladdin and Company. By Herbert Quick.

A romance of "Yankee magic" by the author of "The Wonderland of America." Aladdin and Company are promoters who "boom" a town, and who, while dabbling in business speculation, take the time to experiment with affairs of the heart.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Port Argent. By Arthur Colton.

A story of American life in the Middle West in 1890. Mr. Colton's work is especially worthy of praise; his book of short stories, entitled "Tioba," received general appreciation.

A Night with Alessandro. By T. Cleveland, Jr.

The dramatic tale of a single night which tells of an episode in Florence under the Medicis. We congratulate Messrs. Henry Holt and Company upon the quiet and artistic covers which they have given to this book, and to the two volumes mentioned above. Reviewed in the current number.

**Jenkins:**

The Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman.

The 1904 edition of this little volume comes to us considerably expanded. It is what it purports to be, essentially a pocket-guide, and if one has not the space to carry the red-bound Baedekers one could do far worse than selecting this little book.

**Lane:**

Life in a Garrison Town. By Lieutenant Bilse.

This is the military novel which was suppressed by the German Government. There is an introduction by Arnold White, and a prefatory note on "Bilse and His Translators."

The Golden Age. By Kenneth Grahame.

A new edition of Kenneth Graham's charming tale, with illustrations by Maxfield Parrish reproduced in photogravure.

Perronelle. By Valentina Hawtrey.

A story of Paris in the year 1400. The heroine is a daughter of the bourgeois class who is betrothed when but fifteen to a man of wealth and influence. After her marriage she meets the man for whom she forgets her marital vows.

The Napoleon of Notting Hill. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton's romantic military novel receives mentions in the Chronicle and Comment of the present issue of THE BOOKMAN.

**Lewis (Eastman):**

Songs of Southern Scenes. By Louis M. Elshemus.

A collection of sonnets and verses about Samoa, New Zealand, Algeria, Africa, Italy, and France.

**Life Publishing Company:**

The Villa Claudia. By John Ames Mitchell.

Mr. Mitchell mixes antiquity and modernity indiscriminately in his new story, which is a mysterious romance. The scene of the tale is laid in modern Tivoli. The illustrations, by the author and Mr. Blashfield, are from early engravings.

**Macmillan Company:**

Our Mountain Garden. By Mrs. Theodore Thomas.

A new garden book with an appendix giving a list of shrubs, vines, flowers, and weeds cultivated in this particular mountain garden.

History of the United States of America. By Henry William Elson.

A concise history for the general reader, in which the author has aimed to present "an accurate narrative of the origin and growth of our country and its institutions.

Daughters of Nijo. By Onoto Watanna.

A romance of Japan by the young Japanese-English author. The book is illustrated in colour by Kiyokichi Sano.

The Golden Treasury. By Francis P. Palgrave.

A revised and enlarged edition of "The Golden Treasury," selected from the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language and arranged with notes by a late professor of poetry in the University of Oxford.

Old Time Schools and School Books. By Clifton Johnson.

Mr. Johnson tells the story of old time school books in America from the days of the early settlers down to 1850. There are two hundred and fifty illustrations in the book.

The Singular Miss Smith. By F. M. Kingsley.

The lively and romantic adventurers of a young heiress who masquerades in the guise of a servant, and who meets a "foundryman" who is more than he seems. The story is agreeable summer reading.

Thomas Hobbes. Leviathan or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil. The text edited by A. R. Waller.

An imported volume belonging to the Cambridge English Classics.

The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks.

A paper-covered book containing studies in labour and socialist movements.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**McClure, Phillips and Company:**

A Little Union Scout. By Joel Chandler Harris.

The little Union scout is a girl spy, sometimes masquerading as a man. The scene is laid in Tennessee, at the time that that State was made the field of action in the Civil War.

The Picaroons. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin.

Amusing tales of men who lived by their wits, which the publishers style "the romance of roguery." The characters are outcasts of various professions.

The Silent Places. By Stewart Edward White.

Mr. White's new book was reviewed at length by Mr. Churchill Williams in the May BOOKMAN.

**National Art Theatre Society:**

Manual of the National Art Theatre Society of New York.

The publication of this manual is twofold: to inform persons what the National Theatre is and to provide material for further spreading the idea. The pamphlet includes much information in regard to the endowed theatres of Europe, and it publishes photographs of these theatres.

**Outlook Company:**

Getting Acquainted with the Trees. By J. Horace McFarland.

A large, illustrated volume by a lover of trees. These sketches have been enlarged and extended since they appeared in the pages of the *Outlook*.

**Philosophic Company:**

The Panorama of Sleep, or Soul and Symbol. By Nina Picton.

A small volume, in which the author relates sixteen dreams, which she dreamed consecutively "and as clearly as if sent for a purpose." The illustrations which accompany these dream fancies are quite bad enough to cause genuine nightmare.

**Pott and Company:**

Chester. By Bertram C. A. Windle.

A book which should appeal to persons interested in history and archæology. In compiling the work, it has been the author's intention to link incident and place as closely as possible. At the end of the volume may be found an itinerary, which gives instructions for making a journey around the city of Chester.

Dalrymple. By Mary C. Francis.

A romance of Revolutionary days, in which the British ship, "The Jersey," plays an important part. George Washington, General Howe, and the usual personages of the Revolutionary novel make their appearance at opportune moments.

**Putnam's Sons:**

What Handwriting Indicates. By John Rexford.

Persons interested in the study of character by handwriting will find keen enjoyment in this volume. It gives numerous illustrations of handwriting, which enable the student to figure out the analysis of graphology for himself.

Theodore Roosevelt. Addresses and Presidential Messages. 1902-04. With an Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge.

In the selection of these speeches, the publishers have given especial attention to the subjects which seem likely to possess continued importance, and to the speeches which should prove of interest to the voter during the present Presidential year. See article on Theodore Roosevelt.

The Republican Party. By Francis Curtis. Two volumes.

These large volumes contain the history of the Republican Party during its fifty years' existence, from 1854 to 1904. President Roosevelt has written a foreword, while William P. Frye and J. G. Cannon have written introductions. Volume I. contains a portrait of Lincoln reproduced from a drawing from life by F. B. Carpenter, and Volume II. the familiar photograph of President Roosevelt taken by Rockwood in 1901.

The Jessica Letters.

A love story in letters. The correspondents are a New York editor and a young Southern woman.

The Society of To-Morrow: A Forecast of its Political and Economic Organisation. By G. de Molinari.

Mr. P. H. Lee Warner has translated this work, and Mr. Hodgson Pratt has written the introduction. The work is divided into two parts: The State of War, and the State of Peace. The appendix, compiled by Mr. Edward Atkinson, gives the cost to the United States of war and of preparation for war from 1898 to 1904.

The Mystic Mid-Region. By Arthur J. Burdick.

Mr. Burdick seems to see all sorts of poetic possibilities in the deserts of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

southwest, and he writes vividly of that region of the country. The volume contains over fifty illustrations.

American Immortals. By George Cary Eggleston.

A handsomely bound and illustrated volume, the purpose of which, says Mr. Eggleston in an introductory note, is "to present critical estimates of the men elected to the New York University's Hall of Fame, with so much biography in each case as is necessary to a due comprehension of the subjects."

Bog-Trotting for Orchids. By Grace Greylock Niles.

A large volume, illustrated from nature, describing plant life in the swamps of the Hoosac Valley, a region extending through certain parts of Vermont, New York, and Masachusetts.

A Norwegian Ramble. By One of the Ramblers.

A little book, published anonymously, which describes the fjords, fields, mountains, and glaciers of Norway. The author's purpose in writing this monograph is to suggest to his countrymen the many attractive places to be visited in Norway.

Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music. By F. Schuyler Mathews.

A description of the character and music of birds, intended to help one to identify species common in the Eastern United States. The book contains many reproductions of water-colour and pen-and-ink studies of birds, as well as musical notations of bird songs.

**Rand, McNally and Company:**

The Tree-Dwellers. By Katarine Elizabeth Dopp.

An illustrated book for the instruction of young children, the first of a series. The author is instructor in the extension division of the University of Chicago.

**Revell Company:**

Not in the Curriculum. A Book of Friendly Counsel to Students. By Two Recent College Graduates. With an Introduction by Henry Van Dyke.

This small book, which should prove helpful to those for whom it is intended, is gracefully dedicated to Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, in "grateful appreciation of many things not in the curriculum learned from his lips and his life."

**Scribner's Sons:**

The Pastime of Eternity. By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd.

This is Mrs. Brownell's first novel, and in it she has grouped together the men and women of New York's leisure class. The hero has made an unfortunate marriage, but the love of two good women mould his character. Unlike real life, these two women are friends and honest ones at that. The author's photograph appears under Chronicle, and a review is also printed in this number.

The Panchronicon. By Harold Steele Mackaye.

A weird tale which the publishers liken to Stockton. In it the author pictures the Court of Elizabeth confronted by the phonograph, the bicycle, and the modern newspaper.

Nero and Other Plays. Edited with Introductions and Notes by Herbert P. Horne, Havelock Ellis, Arthur Symons, and A. Wilson Verity.

Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. St. Leo Strachey. Two volumes.

Thomas Dekker. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Ernest Rhys.

The above four volumes belong to the Mermaid Series and are imported by the Messrs. Scribner. Each volume contains a frontispiece illustration of especial interest.

Letters of Horace Walpole. Selected and Edited by C. B. Lucas.

An imported volume belonging to the Caxton Thin Paper Classics. A portrait of the fourth Earl of Oxford is used as a frontispiece.

Cynthia's Rebellion. By A. E. Thomas.

A summer love story, with the scenes laid in a country place on the Rhode Island shore near Point Judith. Mr. Thomas is among the new writers.

Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells.

The present book is written in relation to "Anticipations," published a while ago, and with a pamphlet entitled "The Discovery of the Future," presents a general theory of social development and of social and political conduct.

The Roosevelt Book.

These are selections from the writings of Theodore Roosevelt, with an introduction by Mr. Robert Bridges. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the photograph of Mr. Roosevelt which hangs in the Green Room of the White House.

The Descent of Man. By Edith Wharton.

Mrs. Wharton has returned to the short story in her latest book, and it was the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short story which made her reputation. As usual, she has chosen a peculiar title. The book will be reviewed later.

Hero Tales Told in School. By James Baldwin.

The stories in the present volume are adapted for use in reading classes at schools. There are seventeen stories in the collection, some of them from the author's earlier books, "The Golden Age," "Siegfried," and "Roland."

Venice. By Gustav Pauli. Translated by P. G. Konody.

This is the second volume in the series of Famous Art Cities (Imported). It contains one hundred and thirty-seven illustrations.

Business Success. By G. G. Millar.

A small imported book belonging to "The Useful Red Series." These books are published at fifty cents apiece. Among the chapter headings are: "Definitions of Business," "The Ethical Aspect of Business," "Business at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century," "Starting Business," and "The Romance of Business."

The American Natural History. By William T. Hornaday.

A large volume, illustrated with hundreds of photographs and drawings. The author is Director of the New York Zoölogical Park, and in a sub-title he calls his book "A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of North America." The artists chosen to illustrate the work are for the most part experts in animal photography.

**Scott-Thaw Company:**

The Quality of Youth. By Louis Evan Shipman.

A romantic love story of the eighteenth century by the author of that delightful Revolutionary tale, "D'Arcy of the Guards."

The Expansion of Russia and Russian People. By Alfred Rambaud and J. Novicow.

The second edition of a volume belonging to the Contemporary Thought Series. Mr. Rambaud writes of the problems of the East and of the Far East, while Mr. Novicow writes the essay on the Russian people.

The Word at St. Kavin's. By Bliss Carman.

A richly bound and decorated volume of one of Mr. Carman's poems.

**Stokes Company:**

The Woman with the Fan. By Robert Hichens.

A new novel by the author of "Felix." The heroine is a woman of great beauty who has unbounded faith in her external attractions. Among the other characters there is an American actress who strongly resembles Lady Holme. Reviewed in this number.

Felice Constant. By William C. Sprague.

A romance of the days of George Washington and King George.

By Snare of Love. By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Mr. Marchmont can usually be counted upon to write a novel with sensations, melodramatic scenes, and an exciting plot. In this new novel he has lived up to this reputation.

The Woman Wins. By Robert Barr.

Short stories, in each one of which the central figure is a woman. They are all modern tales and especially entertaining. Further mention of these stories may be found under Chronicle and Comment.

**Belton, Tex.**

**Wessels Company:**

Working with the People. By Charles Sprague Smith.

Mr. Smith, Managing Director of the People's Institute of New York, has written a little book which he describes as the application of theory to life. As he has made a study of social conditions, his work should be of considerable value and assistance to persons interested in this line of thought and activity.

**Baylor College:**

A Lesser Light. By Emily Davant Embree.

A story of school life at Baylor College, and one especially intended for the young girl reader.

**Boston.**

**Badger:**

Poem Pictures. By Laura Case Downing.

A collection of verse divided into Various Poems, Rural Rhymes, Commemorations, and Dramatic Pieces and Exercises.

Songs of a Deeper Note. By Edmund Corliss Sherburne.

A picture of Mr. Sherburne adorns the first page of this volume of poems. Two of these poems the publisher refers as to the famous ones given at the banquet of the Vermont State Dairymen's Association.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Echoes from the Home of Halleck and Other Poems. By S. Ward Loper.

A book of verse with illustrations of Halleck, the old stone house, Guilford Green, and a view of Lake Quonepaug.

Far From the Stone Streets. By Henry and Helen Chadwick.

A collection of miscellaneous poems, many of which have already appeared here and there in various periodicals.

The Way to Wings and Kindred Sallies. By M. Y. T. H. Myth.

A collection of tales which do not seem to have any particular sequence and which are difficult to classify.

**Curtis and Cameron:**

The Legend of the Holy Grail As Set Forth in the Frieze painted by Edwin A. Abbey for the Boston Public Library. With description and interpretation by Sylvester Baxter.

Mr. Baxter is an authority on mural decoration, and in this small volume he throws a clear light on Mr. Abbey's interpretation of the Grail.

**DeWolfe, Fiske and Company:**

Tangledom. By Charles Rollin Ballard.

A little book of charades, enigmas, problems, riddles, and transformations.

**Ginn and Company:**

An Elementary American History. By D. H. Montgomery.

A book prepared for elementary pupils. It is a short, narrative history of our country.

Primary Arithmetic. By David Eugene Smith, Ph.D.

A text book for primary departments of schools. The author is Professor of Mathematics in the Teachers' College of Columbia University.

**Houghton, Mifflin and Company:**

Napoleon. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. Volumes I. and II.

Colonel Dodge's Life of Napoleon forms a part of his "History of the Origin and Growth of the Art of War" in which the work of four great captains has already been treated. This history will be completed in four volumes and will contain over two hundred charts, maps, plans of battles, portraits, cuts of uniforms, arms, and weapons.

Whittier-Land. By Samuel T. Pickard.

A hand book of North Essex containing many anecdotes of Whittier and including some of his poems never before collected. Mr. Pickard was a close friend of the poet, and is the author of "The Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier." There are a number of illustrations in the volume and a map of Whittier-Land with a key to it.

New Hampshire. An Epitome of Popular Government. By Frank B. Sanborn.

The latest volume in the American Commonwealths Series. As Mr. Sanborn is a native of New Hampshire, it is quite fitting that he should write a history of it.

A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York. By Ralph Hoffman.

Bird lovers will of course be interested in this book. It contains a short description of over two hundred and fifty species of birds with particular reference to their appearance in the field. The author is a member of the American Ornithologists' Union.

The Neighbour. By Nathaniel S. Shaler.

A study of human relations with especial reference to race prejudices. Professor Shaler is known as an author and lecturer, also through his connection with Harvard, as Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School.

High Noon. By Alice Brown.

Miss Brown's books are always well worth reading, and her admirers will be glad to welcome this collection of a dozen short stories. "The Map of the Country" is a delightful bit of dialogue between a man and a woman upon the eve of their marriage. The book will be reviewed later.

**Little, Brown and Company:**

Anna the Adventuress. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A story of London life which is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

The Effendi. By Florence Brooks Whitehouse.

A new novel by the author of "The God of Things." The present story is a romance of the Soudan of the last few years of the nineteenth century.

By the Good Sainte Anne. By Anna Chapin Ray.

A story of Modern Quebec which should prove entertaining reading for the summer time. The dialogue is bright and the local colour will appeal especially to those who have visited Quebec and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good Sainte Anne, as well as those who intend to do so.

The Woodcarver of 'Lympus. By M. E. Waller.

Miss Waller lives in a little village in the Green Mountain country, and she has succeeded in giving real atmosphere to her story. A frontispiece illustration presents an old Vermont stage coach.

The North Star. By M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

A tale of love and adventure with the scenes laid in Norway in the tenth century.

**Pilgrim Press:**

The Song of Our Syrian Guest. By William Allen Knight.

A little booklet which, the author says, conveys a message about the Psalm's meaning straight from David's land. The illustrations and decorative designs are by Charles Copeland.

The Love-Watch. By William Allen Knight.

This is similar to "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," with the exception that it tells of Gethsemane and Calvary.

**Poet-Lore Company:**

Quarry Slaves. By Lee Byrne.

A dramatic poem, the scene of which is laid in a Sicilian underground quarry, some years after the Athenian expedition against Syracuse.

**Turner and Company:**

The Mystery of Miriam. By J. Wesley Johnston.

A story of love and mystery of New York, Chicago, and Boston. The dedication caught our immediate attention: "To Evelyn, Harold, and Grace; these three; but the greatest of these is Elinor."

**Chicago.**

**McClurg and Company:**

Little Mitchell. By Margaret W. Morley.

The story of a mountain squirrel written for the edification of the young reader.

**Stockham Publishing Company:**

How to Live Forever. The Science and Practice. By Harry Gaze.

In the first chapter Mr. Gaze asks this question: "Is Life Worth Perpetuating?" And it depends upon the reader's state of mind as to whether he cares to read further.

**Cleveland.**

**Clark Company:**

Historic Highways of America. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

Portage Paths. The Keys of the Continent.

Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin. The Conquest of the Old Northwest.

Waterways of Westward Expansion. The Ohio River and Its Tributaries.

The above are volumes VII., VIII., and IX. in the series of "Historic Highways of America." The text in each volume is accompanied by maps.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Translated from the originals. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Volumes VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X.

The above volumes cover a period from 1583 to 1599. The edition is limited to one thousand numbered sets, and will be complete in fifty-five volumes.

Early Western Travels. 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, Introductions, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Volume II.

The present volume covers John Long's Journal, 1768-1782. The entire work will extend from 1748 to 1846, it being a series of annotated reprints of some of the rarest contemporary volumes of travel.

Coughs, Colds, and Catarrh. By Albert Rufus Baker, M.D.

A treatise on how to avoid the above ailments by a specialist in the Cleveland College of Physicians and Surgeons.

**Glasgow.**

**MacLehose and Sons:**

Flower-Time in the Oberland. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

An imported volume which is published, according to the author's own statement, "in the hope that those who have leisure or opportunity will make a pilgrimage in the prime of the year, when rest is surest and flower-time is the fairest." The illustrations are from pencil sketches by Edith Rawnsley. The author is Honourary Canon of Carlisle.

**Indianapolis.**

**Bobbs-Merrill Company:**

The Grafters. By Francis Lynde.

In Mr. Lynde's second novel he has departed from the Revolutionary days which formed the background of his first book, "The Master of Appleby." The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present story is full of the bustle and activity of present day politics. The book is reviewed in this number and Mr. Lynde's photograph appears under Chronicle.

A Gingham Rose. By Alice Woods Ullman.

Mrs. Ullman will be recalled as the author of "Edges," a quaint sort of story published a year or so ago. The present novel is an up-to-date story of New York. The reader must find out for himself just why the author chose such an odd title for her book.

The Ballads of Bourbonnais. By Wallace Bruce Amsbary.

A collection of dialect poems with illustrations from life by Will Vawter. These ballads were written, explains the author in his introduction, in the hope of preserving the dialect of the French-Canadian.

Huldah. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Huldah is described by the authors as "proprietor of the Wagon-Tire House and genial philosophy of the Cattle Country," and her story is "a plea for the better understanding of a little understood, and now vanishing, class." The illustrations, and they are quaint in character, are by Fanny Y. Cory.

**Jacobs and Company:**

The Holy City. By Thomas W. Broadhurst.

A dramatic poem in five acts, in which Mary Magdalen is used as the central figure. The drama was first presented in March, 1903, at Poughkeepsie, New York. Mr. William Allan Neilson has written an introductory note to the book.

**Lippincott Company:**

The Slav Invasion. By Frank Julian Warne, Ph.D.

A small hand book, illustrated with maps, which gives the result of an investigation of immigration, and the conditions in the anthracite coal fields.

Japan To-day. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D.

An illustrated book on Japan by a former teacher of English in the Government School at Saga. The author lived and worked with the Japanese in his own country, and talked with him in his own language. The book contains many illustrations.

Poems. By Andrew Edward Watrous.

A collection of miscellaneous poems, poems in memoriam, and poems of New York.

**San Antonio, Texas.**

**Moos, Henry A.:**

Cotton Pickin' Time and Other Poems. By Henry Antonio Moos.

Besides the poem which gives the title to this little book, there are eleven bits of verse in the collection. The author has limited the edition to five hundred numbered copies, one of which he has courteously sent to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

**St. Louis.**

**Christian Publishing Company:**

Man Preparing for Other Worlds, or the Spiritual Man's Conflicts and Final Victory. By William Thomas Moore, M.A., LL.D.

A study of man in the light of the Bible, science, and experience. Dr. Moore says in his preface that it has been his chief aim to produce a thought-provoking book.

**St. Louis News Company:**

The Literature of the Louisiana Territory. By Alexander Nicholas De Menil, A.M.Ph. LL.B.

An historical sketch which the author does not hesitate to say contains a large amount of data and facts placed before the public for the first time. The book contains biographical sketches of Audobon, Brackerindge, Mark Twain, George W. Cable, Eugene Field, and more than fifty others.

**Washington.**

**Government Printing Office:**

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1903.

This volume is divided into three parts: "List of Officers and Report of the Librarian," "Select List of Recent Purcases, 1901-1903," and "Report of Copyright Legislation."

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between April and May, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

**New York City.**

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

**Atlanta, Ga.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Breaking Into Society. Ade. (Harper.) $1.00.

**Baltimore, Md.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century.) $1.50.
3. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Day Before Yesterday. Shafer. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

**Boston, Mass.**

1. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Autobiography of Spencer. 2 vols. (Appleton.) $5.50 net.
6. I. (Appleton.) $1.50.

**Boston, Mass.**

1. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Russian Advance. Beveridge. (Harper.) $2.50 net.
3. Life of John Andrew. Pearson. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $5.00 net.
4. The Darrow Enigma. Severy. Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. With the Birds in Maine. Torrey. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.10 net.

**Buffalo, N. Y.**

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
4. Dennis Dent. Hornung. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.

**Chicago, Ill.**

1. He That Eateth Bread with Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Lost King. Shackleford. (Brentanos.) $1.25.
3. By the Fireside. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips. $1.00 net.
4. The Jewel of Seven Stars. Bram. Stokes. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) $1.50 net.
6. The Fire Bringers. Moody. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.10 net.

**Cleveland, O.**

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

**Dallas, Texas.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lux Crucis. Gardenshire. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

**Denver, Colo.**

-. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Heart of My Heart. Meredith. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Red Saunders. Phillipi. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

**Indianapolis, Ind.**

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

**Los Angeles, Cal.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

**Kansas City, Mo.**

1. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
2. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

**Louisville, Ky.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
3. He That Eateth Bread With Me. Keays. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Admirable Tinker. Jepson. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.

**Memphis, Tenn.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
6. Evolution of the Soul. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.20.

**New Haven, Conn.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Fat of the Land. Streeter. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.

**New Orleans, La.**

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

**Norfolk, Va.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Incomparable Bellairs. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

**Omaha, Neb.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Corner in Coffee. Brady. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Booklover Press.) $1.50.
6. Robert Cavelier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) $1.50.

**Portland, Me.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
5. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.)

**Portland, Ore.**

1. When Wilderness Was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Jewell. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Robert Cavelier. Orcutt. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. My Friend Prospero. Harlan. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Evolution of the Soul. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.20 net.

**Providence, R. I.**

1. Merry Aume. Merwin. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Bright Face of Danger. Stephens. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Villia Claudia. Mitchell. (Life.) $1.50.
5. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Anna the Adventuress. Oppenheim. (Little-Brown.) $1.50.

**Rochester, N. Y.**

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

**St. Louis, Mo.**

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Outlook.) $1.50.
6. An American Prisoner. Phillpott. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

**St. Paul, Minn.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. How to Know Oriental Rugs. Langton. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

**Salt Lake City, Utah.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

**San Francisco, Cal.**

1. Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. To-morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

**Toledo, O.**

1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Deliverance. Glasgow. Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. My Friend Prospero. Harland. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Son to His Self-made Father. Merriman. (Robinson-Luce.) $1.25.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

**Worcester, Mass.**

1. The Duke Decides. Hill. (Wessels.) $1.50.
2. Tomaso's Fortune. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. With the Birds in Maine. Miller. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.10.
6. The Gordon Elopement. Wells and Taber. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

| | | | | POINTS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| A book standing | 1st | on any list | receives | 10 |
| " " | 2d | " | " | 8 |
| " " | 3d | " | " | 7 |
| " " | 4th | " | " | 6 |
| " " | 5th | " | " | 5 |
| " " | 6th | " | " | 4 |

**BEST SELLING BOOKS.**

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

| | POINTS. |
|---|---|
| 1. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50 | 208 |
| 2. The Deliverance. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50 | 80 |
| 3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25 | 68 |
| The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 | 64 |
| The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. (Macmillan.) $1.50 | 64 |
| 5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50 | 56 |

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THACKERAY'S PROCESSION OF THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY.
Made Out of a Shilling's Worth of Penny Stamps.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED